

January 20

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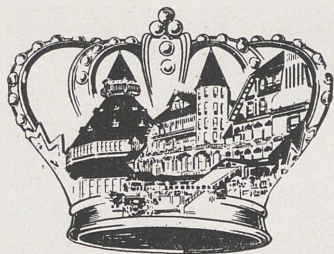
The GRAPHIC



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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965 or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

CANFIELD—WINSTON. Miss Ethel Canfield, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Canfield to Mr. Lewis Winston. The marriage will take place Wednesday, January 23.

WEDDINGS

SALISBURY—MASON. Monday noon, January 7, Miss Irene Salisbury daughter of Mrs. E. F. Hobert of South Pasadena and Mr. Hugh W. Mason, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Mason of Pasadena. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hobert in Marengo avenue.

YOAKUM—WHITNEY. Monday evening, January 7, Miss Ruby Yoakum, daughter of Dr. Finis E. Yoakum of East Avenue Fifty-nine, and Mr. William M. Whitney of New York. The ceremony was performed at the Highland Park Presbyterian church by Dr. Campbell Coyle.

ANDREWS—VOTAW. Thursday evening, January 10, Miss Lucile Andrews and Mr. Vernon Votaw. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's father in Huntington Park. Mr. and Mrs. Votaw will make their home in Tulare.

KISSICK—SWAIN. In San Francisco a fortnight ago, Miss Merle Kissick of Laramie, Wyoming and Lieutenant Frank G. Swain of Whittier. Lieutenant Swain is the son of Mrs. Kittie G. Swain and is stationed at the Presidio.

PACKMAN—RIDGEWAY. Monday, January 7, Miss Rose Packman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Packman of East Sixth street, Long Beach and Mr. F. Ridgeway of Los Angeles. The parents of the bride will entertain with a dinner party Sunday evening, January 20, for the bride and bridegroom.

BASOM—SHADE. Wednesday, January 9, Miss Neva C. Basom of Los Angeles and Mr. Ernest F. Shade of Santa Ana. The Rev. C. Stanton Hodgkin of the Unitarian Church of Los Angeles performed the ceremony.

PICKERING—NICKLE. At the East Whittier Friends Church, Monday, January 7, Miss Ethel Pickering and Mr. Irwin Nickle. Mr. and Mrs. Nickle will reside in Whittier.

FLEMING—ADKISSON. Saturday, January 12, Miss Ruth Henrietta Fleming, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Fleming, and Mr. Arthur Preston Adkisson, son of Mrs. Louise Adkisson, both of Los Angeles.

CASEY—HODGSON. Miss Martha Casey, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Casey, and Lieutenant Herbert Hodgson. The marriage took place at St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

LUCKEY—WALDRON. Tuesday evening, January 15, Miss Gertrude Luckey, daughter of Mrs. Anna Luckey of Pasadena and Mr. F. M. Waldron. Mr. and Mrs. Waldron will make their home in Toronto.

LOVE—SPENCER. Wednesday evening, Miss Esther Love, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Love and Mr. Howard Spencer. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, 457 South Harvard boulevard, with the Rev. Harry Gray of St. James Episcopal church performing the ceremony.

HOFFMAN—SMITH. In Portland, Oregon, Miss Margery Hoffman, of Portland, formerly of Pasadena and Mr. Ferdinand C. Smith. The bridegroom is attached to the Ambulance Corps at Camp Lewis and is a brother of Mrs. C. N. McArthur, wife of Congressman McArthur of Oregon.

BONE—CROOKE. In Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. Edith Bone and Mr. Arthur Crooke, both formerly of Santa Monica. The marriage took place several weeks ago.

BIRTHS

Lieutenant and Mrs. Lyman R. Ellis are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a little son, who arrived in their home Friday, January 11.

RECEPTIONS, TEAS, ETC.

January 26. Tennis Ball at Hotel del Coronado, following the big tennis tournament to be featured there that day.

January 22. Mrs. Violet Ball Stone will entertain with a tea in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Joseph Halla of Chicago. Seventy-five guests have been invited for the afternoon.

Friday, January 25, an entertainment will be given at Wilcox hall in Hollywood for the benefit of the Red Cross. Major and Mrs. H. S. Matier are in charge of the program. Harry Lauder has consented to appear and prominent society women will be patronesses.

January 26. Annual Charity Ball by the Children's Training School of Pasadena. The affair will be given at the Maryland hotel and will be one of the interesting events of the month's calendar.

Midwick Country Club Saturday Night Dinner Dances will continue every Saturday night during the season and will be informal.

Tuesday, January 29. The Magnolia school district will give a benefit party at the Ansonia apartments.

ART

The Taos Society of Western Artists will have a display of paintings at the Kanst Art Gallery during the month of January.

December 20-January 20. Interstate Exhibition; The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; The Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

February 3-23. Thirty-third annual exhibition of The Architectural League of New York; Galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street.

MUSIC

January 25. Friday evening, Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, contralto, in song recital at Trinity Auditorium.

January 22. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Leopold Godowsky, Pianist.

January 29. Tuesday evening. Ellis Club at Trinity Auditorium.

January 31. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Reinald Werrenrath, Baritone.

BENCH SHOWS

February 20-23. Westminster Kennel Club; New York City.

February 25-26. The Kennel Club of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

March 1-3. Indianapolis Kennel Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

March 7-9. Central Ohio Kennel Club, Columbus, Ohio.

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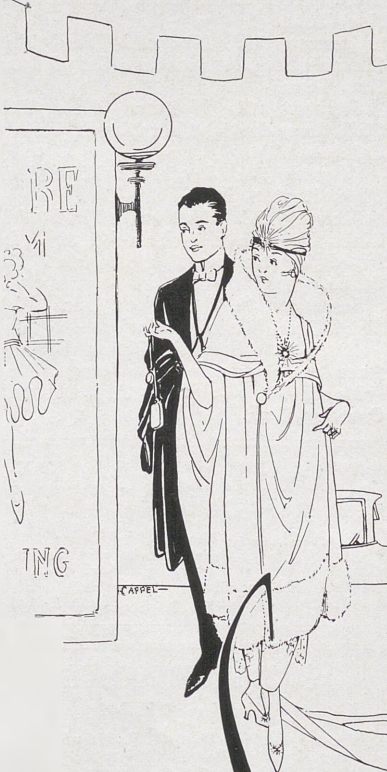
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TRAP SHOOTING

January 26. Midwick Country Club
trap shooting contest 2 p. m. on club
grounds. Club cup awarded the best
score in each contest.

GOLF

January 9, 10, 11, 12. Invitation
Tournament San Gabriel Club.

January 24, 25, 26. Altadena Club--
Invitation Tournament.

Midwick Country Club men's golf
events: Club cup every Saturday; Ball
Sweepstakes every Wednesday.

Midwick Country Club Saturday
night dinner dances every Saturday
evening during December.

January 19. Coronado Country Club
Match play against par. Silver cups to
winners.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado
Country Club Under handicap. Weekly
competition for bona fide guests of
Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to
winner of each weekly competition.

January 19. Handicap Best Ball
Foursome. Coronado Country Club.
February 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Hotel del
Coronado Handicap Cup, Coronado
Country Club.

February 18-22. Coronado Open
Championship, Coronado Country Club.

February 26-March 1. Coronado
Country Club Open Championship, Coronado Country Club.

TENNIS

January 18 and 19 a big invitational
tennis tournament will be staged at the
Beverly Hills hotel, the entire proceeds
of which will go to the Red Cross.

February 4. Women's Invitation,
Heights Casino, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 6. Carnival Championship,
Beretania T. C., Honolulu, Hawaii.

February 11. National Indoor Singles
Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C.,
N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS

January 14. National Field Trial
Club, Calhoun, Ala.

January 15. Alabama Field Trial
Club, Decatur, Ala.

January 15. National Championship
Field Trial Association, Grand Junction,
Tenn.

January 21. National Field Trial
Championship Association, Grand Junction,
Tenn.

January 22. National Field Trial
Club, Free-for-all Championship Stake,
Calhoun, Ala.

January 25. Louisiana Field Trial
Club, Ruston, La.

January 28. National Field Trial
Club Free-for-all championship, followed by the same club's Stud Dog
Stake.

January 30. Southwestern Field
Trial Club, Vinita, Okla.

April 2. English Setter Club of
America, Southern New Jersey.

March 4-8. Veteran's Cup, Coronado
Country Club.

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The Graphic

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THE LAW

Section 1273, Civil Code of California

WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

A married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband, and may alter or revoke the will in like manner as if she were single. Her will must be executed and proved in like manner as other wills.

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Upon the sidewalks, night and day
The modes of fashion now display
Where'er the tide of shoppers skims.

I gaze until my vision dims
And still before me bobs and swims,
In silken-stockinged high array
A leggy sea.

My course a tactful voyage trims
Among the strolling her's and him's,
I strive to think in modest way,
Yet I am naught but mortal clay,
And always o'er my glasses rims
A leg I see.

—BEAU BRUMMELL.

The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. E. CLEMENT WILSON

Of Los Angeles, with her two charming young daughters, Adelaide Beatrice and little Betty Wilson. Mrs. Wilson, who is one of the Southland's most attractive matrons, was, before her marriage, Miss Thurston of San Francisco.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

A NATION WHICH deliberately, premeditatedly and with malice aforethought breaks its solemnly pledged word, cannot be trusted again. False in one, false in all. The invasion of Belgium by Germany stamped the double brand of Cain and Ananias upon the foreheads of the ruling Prussian monarchists. Not all the waters of all the seas can wash that imprint away. Generations upon generations must come and go before the name of "German" is a synonym for anything but treachery, rapine, murder and inhumanity. A Nation before which the Apaches of the southwestern deserts must bow in homage for its barbarous cruelties, has earned for itself only the detestation and enmity of mankind. Who speaks, then, of a German-sought, German-concocted, German-proffered "peace"? Better ten years more of blood poured out like water by all the Nations arrayed against Germany than such a "peace"! Better that your children and mine, the urchins of today, may be found in the trenches a dozen years hence, fighting for the ultimate blotting out of the Germanic creed of blood, lust and iron. Better that we begin all over again in wresting the sword from these conscienceless cave-dwellers than temporize with them in any way, shape or manner. Better that the dawn-light prayed for rise late above the valley of the shadow of death. When Peace comes it must be an Anglo-Saxon Peace, a peace founded on Justice, bulwarked by security, rock-rooted in permanence—not a sham "peace," cunningly contrived to give these ravishers a breathing-spell—a hollow truce that holds the word of promise to the ear, to break it to the hope.

ONE OF THE most interesting and important events in the annals of American literature was afforded by the meeting recently held under the auspices of "The Joint Committee of Literary Arts" at the National Arts Club in New York City. It was an unanimous opinion of both successful authors and successful Publishers at the gathering that no "literary" Publisher can survive "in this day and age." That is, no Publisher who has the temerity to publish books which have any literary value. This is an argument which admits of no dispute, as is proven by the books that are now, and have been for the past twenty years, published in the United States. If a genuinely literary book escaped the eagle eye of a Publisher and was inadvertently printed and put on the market, it was, of course, a rank failure from a money-making standpoint—the only standpoint from which authorship, book-selling and Publishing should be considered. One of the authors present, a writer of several "best sellers," said in part, "The publisher who prints cheap trash and does not know how to market it will go bankrupt as quickly and certainly as the one who publishes works of the highest quality, but waits for the people to wear a path through the grass to his door." This clarifies the situation admirably. The writers must write "cheap trash," or the public will not buy. The Publisher must not print "works of the highest quality," or grass will grow on

his premises. There is absolutely no doubt whatever as to the wisdom of the verdict of these gentlemen. The representative of one of the most noted Publishing firms in the United States expressed himself at this meeting as follows: "But nowadays the successful author does not really want a literary Publisher. What he wants in his Publisher is a successful man of business—the man who can sell the book" (that is, the man who can print cheap trash and market it). "And if the author does not need a literary Publisher, neither has the public any use for a self-appointed censor to stand between what it wants and the author who 'can deliver the goods.'" To adopt the chaste diction of this gentleman, it follows, therefore, that the author who "can deliver the goods," "put one over" on the Public, "get past" with "cheap trash," and "work a shell game" with his material is the author the Publisher is looking for; and the Publisher who can, by beating of the tomtoms, and sounding of the advertising hewgag, gull the eminently unliterary public into buying such "trash" is "the guy" the author is after. *Par nobile fratrum*. And of such is "American literature"; "in this day and age."

THE WORK OF THE California State Board of Health is carried on in a thoroughly scientific and systematic manner by a staff of eminent medical men and women, a number of whom are residents of Los Angeles. Its monthly bulletins contain a great deal of specially valuable information and are exceptionally well worth studying by everyone. Few people realize the scope and importance of the work performed by this Board, or how vitally it is needed in the ever-present fight against disease and ill-health. Practical and forceful editorial comment and well-written articles from able writers add to the educational value of these handsomely printed and instructive bulletins.

AEROPLANES

With a rumble and glide, and with rods whirling swift in their sockets

From their hangars released clamber aeroplanes, rising like rockets,

Shot upward; and on; while a burr of mechanical droning
Grinds raucous as gales through a pine-forest cracking and groaning.

Now wheeling, now dipping, now turning they vanish or follow
In a steady insistence of wing, with the grace of a swallow.

On the stairways of winds ever pitching and veering and shifting
In a tide-wrack of overhead air-currents tacking or drifting.

And trailing the armies they hover, through cloud-fringes boring,
Still twisting and rising and falling, and swerving and soaring.

Poise rigid at times, high above, like to specks, solitary;
Then diving to earth as an eagle will stoop from his aerie,

They swoop to where stretched from a knoll an awaiting hand
catches

The papers that circle to earthward, the scribbled dispatches.

Far and faint to their ears comes a boom of artilleried thunder
Small as ants, or obscured to their gaze are the crawling dots under.

In the blue they are strung, as on threads, every bird-man a stoic,
Through their veins runs a scorning of death like the Spartan
heroic.

Leagues below, and remote, is the volleying, charging and bombing,
And aloft, in the zenith, are aeroplanes vibrantly humming.

BY THE WAY

I CAME across the origin of the name of Charles Wakefield Cadman's opera, "Shanewis" a few days ago. In the first song with which he collaborated with Nelle Richmond Eberhart, there was mentioned Shanewis, an Indian maid. That song, by the way brought the composers five dollars apiece! And when a name was wanted for the Indian girl in "The Robin Woman" (Shanewis) Mrs. Eberhart went back fifteen years to that first song lyric of hers. The idea of the opera was suggested by Tsianina Redfeather. Their first collaboration was in writing a novel—that was Cadman's first ambition, although he soon began to publish songs. Mrs. Eberhart wrote a large number of the poems for Cadman's songs. Her Indian atmosphere she got at first hand, as for a time she was a teacher in an Indian school on the Niobrara river, near the Rosebud Agency. The Indian lyrics were suggested by the Indian personalities and customs, and they have been complimented by the best authorities on Indian lore, as expressive of the Indian life and state of mind. She says she wrote the words to Cadman's popular "At Dawning" when she was teaching on a prairie "twelve miles from nowhere." She and Cadman wrote "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" in a few hours and the new "Birds of Flame" cycle in a week. "Shanewis" is not their first opera on Indian themes. Francis La Flesche, son of an Omaha chief, suggested to them a narrative of the Omaha Indian reservation and 600 Indian themes to select from. The opera "Daoma," yet unpublished, is the result. Their second opera was "The Garden of Mystery," founded on the tale of Rappacini's Daughter, in Hawthorne's "Mosses of an Old Manse." Mrs. Eberhart spent last year in Los Angeles, and worked with Mr. Cadman on "Shanewis" in the early summer. It promptly was accepted on presentation to Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan opera, New York, and is set for performance March 20. Mr. Cadman and Mrs. Eberhart leave for New York January 25, to look in on the rehearsals.

FAR SIGHTED LEGISLATOR HERE

HON. THOMAS J. WALSH, United States Senator from Montana, is at present sojourning in Los Angeles, to recuperate after illness. Senator Walsh is the author of the Walsh Land Bill, one of the most important pieces of land legislation framed in many years. This bill, sometimes erroneously referred to as the Walsh Oil Land Bill, was brought up for National legislation, over four years ago, but so many interests are involved within its scope that it has progressed but slowly, burdened from time to time, as it has been, by amendments and counter amendments. As a matter of fact, not only certain enactments are involved in the Walsh Land Bill, but the entire Governmental policy is by it reversed. The West, especially, is deeply interested, as the bill refers to the leasing of all non-metallic mineral bearing lands, and the retention by the Government of actual ownership therein. Such legislation has met with two classes of opposition: That of the prospector and locator of mineral lands, who regards it as a native right to possess by location, relocation and eventual patent, any and all lands which he may discover; and the opposition of those vested rights possessed by large capital, which rebels at restriction as to quantity or quality of ownership in any area that it may elect to control. The Walsh Bill, in its original intention, was aimed at conservation of great natural resources, for the benefit of future generations. The opposition meted out to this bill has been similar to that placed in the way of early legislation in relation to Forest Reserves, those desiring immediate, personal benefit in the use of such tracts, contending that these rights should outweigh those of the future. Forest conservation has long since proven itself most broadly beneficial. It is Senator Walsh's belief that lands bearing

non-metallic minerals, such as coal, oil, phosphate and potash should not pass from under Government control, but should, under proper surveillance, be retained as an heritage of the future. He would lease such lands, under a royalty, to be determined according to the exigencies of the case. The amount of capital required for development, the time necessitated to reach the maximum of production and similar conditions, should enter into the matter of royalties and into the length of the leases, as he believes. The bill, as it now stands, having passed the Senate, leaves discretionary with the Secretary of the Interior, such decision and also contains a provision for sale of lands, under some conditions. The present National need for coal, oil, phosphate and potash is so pressing that all eyes are fixed upon the pending legislation, not only because areas are in bondage, under litigation between pseudo owners and the Government, but for the reason that rapid and extensive development of these resources is awaited breathlessly by agriculturists as well as by those engaged in the manufacture and providing of war supplies. Senator Walsh is a native of Wisconsin, where he was educated, grad-

uating from the public schools, receiving a life certificate in all college branches while himself acting as an educator, and later receiving the degree, B. L. of the University of Wisconsin. In 1890, he became a resident of Helena, Montana, where he practiced law and took a hand in politics, being unanimously nominated for the United States Senate in 1912 and elected by the highest number of votes received by any candidate. Made chairman of the Chicago headquarters, for the last Democratic campaign, it was largely due to Senator Walsh's management that President Wilson attained his great triumph in the Central and Pacific States. Senator Walsh is quiet and somewhat reserved in manner, but when speaking upon his favorite theme, which, as he believes, involves the greatest good for the greatest number, both of present generations and those to come, he waxes eloquent.

SOME SERVICE FLAG

THERE is a service flag flying in front of the Southern Pacific ticket office on Seventh street that speaks volumes,—tells us that two hundred and two (if we count the stars) patriots have laid aside their transportation tools to battle the Impossible Kaiser. It is very easy to picture the serious-minded machinist and the dare-devil freight brakeman and the pleasant-mannered ticket salesman going over the top side by side, and we wager each will try to outdo the other in getting there first. There will be more stars on this huge flag—at least another hundred before very long, and we of Los An-

geles can point with pride to the contribution of this railroad. Already, more than 1650 employes of the Southern Pacific on the Pacific System have joined the colors. If those men could all be placed in one single fighting unit, how they would make things sizzle!

THE FEDERATION CONVENTION

THE district federation of the women's clubs will hold their annual convention at Santa Barbara on February 6th, 7th and 8th, and while there will doubtless be a dominating keynote of seriousness, particularly as appertaining to war service, plans are afoot for a brief but merry vacation. The masculine idea of a woman's club convention lacks glamour but the modern woman is a sophisticated being, and times are not what they were. On this occasion, for instance, more than 100 dames will be driving their own cars and a young fleet of sporty automobiles will make that trip there and back. Then again the headquarters are to be at the Potter—and the Potter has a nice sense for creature comforts and entertaining distractions from the labors of guiding the government of the State.



NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART
Librettist of Charles Wakefield Cadman's New Opera "Shanewis."

BY THE WAY

HAROLD EDWARD BARDEN is another clear-eyed, clean-cut, typically American young man who has put civilian life behind him and is now in special training at Annapolis. For years Mr. Barden held a navigator's and pilot's license and the summer vacations and every holiday moment found him aboard his twenty-five-foot cabin cruiser, the Norman Dee. He was a member of the South Coast Yacht Club and the Los Angeles Motor Boat Club, and going back some twenty-five years, he learned to walk and talk over on "the Island" where the Bardens have maintained their summer-home ever since Catalina was first discovered as perhaps the most picturesque island in the world. Then war was declared and as naturally as the proverbial duck taking to water, Harold Barden found himself an Ensign of the Naval Coast Reserves. The Government sent for thirteen representative men from the Pacific Coast to go to Annapolis, take a special course and be graduated into the United States Navy. One hundred and fifty took the examinations and Harold Barden stood third on the list. Next month (February) after his graduation, judging from the high grades he is making, there will perhaps be an anchor on his collar and more stripes on his sleeve, or whatsoever insignia a navy officer somewhat higher than an ensign wears. His dainty little mother out on Monterey Road receives many letters from her son, which fill her with pride and joy, the sort of pride and joy that is on the verge of tears. The sort of righteous pride and holy joy that thousands of fortunate mothers know so well just now. He writes of his faith in God and zeal in upholding the President's proclamation and that he doesn't hate the Germans nor any of mankind but is going into the fight to win for Democracy, all so simple and straightforward in true fighting-man style and so becoming to an "officer and gentleman" that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barden have a right to an overflowing measure of pride.

AMERICAN RAILROADS IN THE WAR

THE record of American railways since the nine months the United States entered the war is an impressive one. Among other things done, are the following: Railroads have furnished more service than ever before in their history. Military traffic has been handled without abatement of commercial traffic. Fourteen per cent more freight has been carried than in 1916, including eighteen per cent more coal. Over 2,000,000 soldiers and their equipment has been transported safely and without delay. Over 134,000 carloads of freight have been sent to cantonments and training camps. Box and coal cars have been pooled and competition ignored in routing of troops and military supplies. In addition to all of this service in the United States, nine regiments of railroad men are in service in France, the railway regiments were the first United States troops ever reviewed by the King of England, and the record made in actual fighting at Cambrai by the fighting engineers there, who dropped their picks and shovels, seized rifles and fought like the heroes they were, elicited special praise and commendation from the commander of the British forces. This is a record, indeed, to be proud of.

VECSEI AND THE CHOPINZEE

IF YOU had dropped into the home of the Millet family in Barbizon, France, one day in the summer of 1913, you would have found a veteran pianist of world-wide fame and a young man fresh from his first triumphs at the piano before audiences from Paris to Belgrade. First, one would play a part of a certain work and then the other would break in and carry it on, until he in turn passed it back to his fellow player. The work was the Liszt E flat concerto, called the "Triangle concerto," from having that instrument

in the score. And the players—playing at playing—were Vladimir de Pachman, by his grimaces and his Chopin known as "the Chopinzee," and Desidir Vecsei, a young Hungarian pianist. The hostess, the American wife of the younger Millet, applauded and the few kindred spirits present joined in. Pachmann, effervescent and unconventional, was at his best and Vecsei was inspired by the commendation of the master. And it is that same Vecsei and that same Liszt concerto that we are to hear at the symphony concert February first. Vecsei made such a brilliant success at his previous appearance with the orchestra that the management had to get him on a return date out of sheer self-defense. Wonder if Vecsei will play "America" again as an encore? Try Dixie.

A BANK PRESIDENT'S ADVICE

FRANK A. VANDERLIP'S recent address on "How to win the war" is a speech along the lines of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." It urges economy, a steady and enthusiastic co-operation with the Government, and an awakening to the stupendous character of the war itself. It employs some interesting figures to drive home the arguments advanced, and it is couched in plain, matter-of-fact terms. He emphasizes the fact that neither business men nor bankers need fear a campaign of economy, and notes with approval the proposition of the Government taking over the railway systems of the country. The purchase of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps is taken up and thoroughly and satisfactorily explained in very brief compass. There is no attempt at eloquence in the talk, but it is an effective presentation of common-sense views on the war situation.

MILLION DOLLAR ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN

OUR local University, under Methodist auspices, has been doing excellent work for the city and southern part of the state during the past fifteen years, since Dr. George Finley Bovard became its President. In 1903 there was an attendance at all its colleges of less than six hundred students. Last year the total was over four thousand four hundred. Meanwhile there has been no lowering of standards in this phenomenal expansion. The teachers who attend its classes to qualify for the Higher Certificate, which it is commissioned to confer along with Berkeley and Stanford, will readily bear witness to the truth of this statement. But the productive endowment of the institution has not kept pace with the rest of the growth, and unless the city and

southern counties come to her aid her activities will be seriously curtailed and her usefulness crippled. This year the income from tuitions, on which its treasury mainly depends, is affected by the loss of many students who have gone to serve the flag. A Million-Dollar Endowment Campaign, actively headed by Bishop Leonard, and fully supported by the Board of Education of the Methodist Church, has just been started, and will be pushed until June. It is with a feeling of pride in service rendered to the public that the University of Southern California now asks for funds to keep the institution in full operation. It is believed that the public will respond readily and generously to this movement, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. In order to maintain the high standards set by the University, it is imperatively necessary that no diminution of funds be made in the support of the University, and that the working staff may be kept up to its full working capacity. Bishop Leonard and his associates can be depended on to wage a vigorous campaign for the cause. The support of the Methodist Church is expected to be of the most vital aid in carrying out the plan formulated.

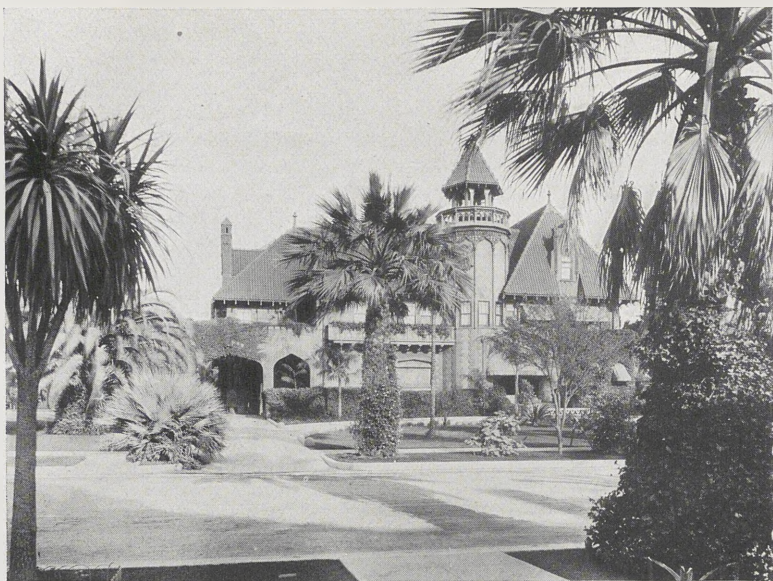


HAROLD EDWARD BARDEN

Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barden, Monterey Road, South Pasadena.

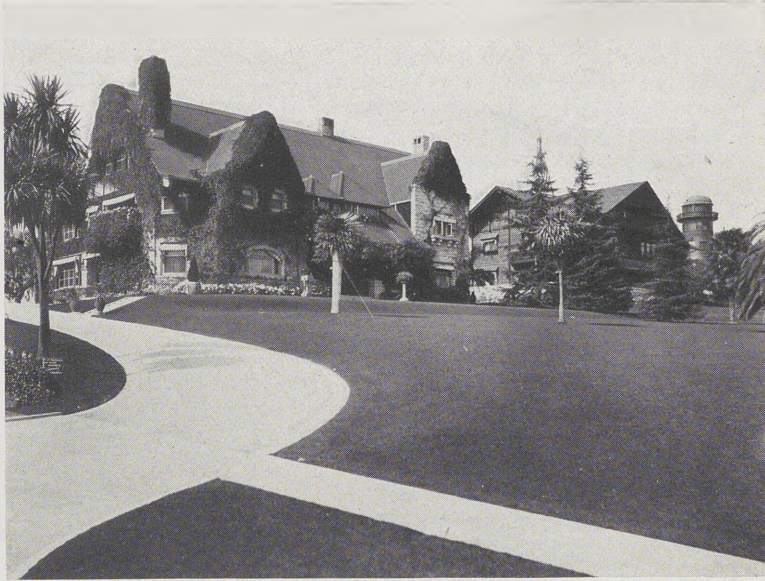
THE EDEN'S GARDEN OF AMERICA

By C. MIAL DUSTIN



Courtesy California Nurseries Co.

Residence of Edward L. Doheny



Home of Mr. Adolphus Busch

WHEN John McGroarty penned the story of "The Land of Heart's Desire," he embellished fact with fancy, until the tale was bewitchingly beautiful. His poetic genius reached its sublimest heights when he described conditions in Southern California—the land where dreams come true. Despite his masterful effort, the story is incomplete, for—like "love's old sweet story" the half is never told. No lover of nature ever visits this section and goes away disappointed. From sunrise to sunset, an ever-changing panorama unfolds before each wondering eye and there are so many surprising sights that one has difficulty in determining which is the more admirable. The variety is almost infinite and shades and shadows commingle, forming a feathery, fantastic lace-work which is bewildering in its beauty. The rolling contour of the land is a decided advantage and to motor to some commanding position is a pastime filled with unalloyed pleasure. Of course, the mountain climber is enamored of crags, deep canyons, and finds beauties in the higher altitudes, which the mesa and valley do not afford. The low-lands, however, are not devoid of fairness, for their broad expanse is marked by smooth roads which run like arteries and all have a charm peculiar to themselves.

The equable climate of Southern California is productive of a multitude of trees, plants and shrubs, which are wholly unknown in less favored lands. Among the notable places which are worthy of mention is the home of Frank J. Hart, which is familiarly known as "Hartwood," between Pasadena and Sierra Madre. This fairyland contains a choicer and more extensive collection than the famed botanical gardens of Calcutta. Among others is a plant which is white in the forenoon and a deep blue in the afternoon. One has fruit growing from the trunk, instead of hanging from the branches. Another bears fruit five or six times a year. All are beautiful and many of them are curiosities. There are nearly fifteen thousand different varieties and strange as it may seem, there are comparatively few persons who know of this collection. Other men have less pretentious groups, yet they are desirable and valuable. Nature is so lavish with her charming benefactions, that it is an exception rather than the rule that homes lack floral ornamentation. The sight of flowers in profusion at Christmas time is so commonplace that a Californian thinks nothing of it, but to the easterner who comes to the coast to escape the rigors of winter, it is a little less than marvellous. Gardens are everywhere. Some are laid out on a magnificent scale, others less elaborate and thousands are "just a touch of beauty." They so enhance the appearance of a home, that there is an added joy to life under our almost-matchless skies. Country homes are so numerous that practically every successful professional or business man has one. Others are so enamored of rural life, that they prefer to remain in the urban district and the husband and father goes to his business in a motor car.

Scenically speaking, Los Angeles county is pre-eminently beautiful. Our roads are so smooth and numerous that automobiling is as much a part of some folk as eating, for a day seldom goes by without a drive.

In the matter of homes of splendor, Pasadena is an acknowledged leader, and the residence of Hunry Huntington is unquestionably the finest in the county. The view is commanding and the setting ideal. Everything suggestive of comfort, restfulness, and simple elegance is in evidence. The wide expanse of grounds, the extensive lawns which are always well kept, give a distinctive charm to it. The one of Senator Frank Flint at Flintridge is in keeping with good taste and refinement. Like others whose home is situated in a slightly location, he has a million dollar picture from his front porch. In the distance, nature painted a masterpiece, for the benefit of all who

might look that way. Edward Doheny's home of Chester Place is one of the show places of Los Angeles. Money and skill, aided by nature, has made it a miniature paradise. This is in one of the more fashionable districts of the city. Arthur Letts' home in Hollywood crowns an eminence which makes a regal setting against the gray mountains in the distance. The landscape architect fashioned drives and walks, ornamenting the grounds with a touch of artistry which transformed a once bare hill into a park. Wonderment follows wonderment as one travels throughout the country and the hundreds of homes owned by eastern capitalists might be aptly termed a tribute to a climate which is triumphantly superior. The west is coming into its own, and the tide of Empire is fast moving toward America's summerland.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE KNITTER

By Wynonah Johnson

1. Thou shalt knit thy quota of garments and waste not thy time on frivolous auction, the best-seller, or the deceptive bargain-counter. For the Sammy who doth fight for thee needeth thy handiwork that his days may be warm in the trenches.
2. Remember the Red Cross words of instruction on thy printed leaflet, and keep them strictly, for many have labored to print out for thee the words for thy direction and guidance.
3. Thou shalt not construct a sock unlike unto anything that be in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, and then expect a rhapsody from the soldier, for he doth yearn for a regulation sock of the requisite shape.
4. Thou shalt not discourse continuously of purls and turns to thy helpmeet when he doth regain the bosom of his family after a tedious day's struggles with his occupation, for thy husband would fain occasionally hold forth on government ownership, the wily spy, the submarine mishaps, and sundry subjects.
5. Many hours shalt thou labor and knit on thy helmet, but when thy husband's meal-hour doth draw nigh, thou shalt lay aside thy gaudy bag, and concoct the savory stew, or if it be thy meatless Tuesday, embellish the ruddy lobster. For thy husband hath toiled long to wring sustenance from his native land that thou mayst have thy requisite hanks, and his meal hours should thou keep inviolate.
6. Honor thy husband's socks, and leave them not undarned whilst thou constructeth foot gear for thy khaki heroes, that his voice be not raised in grievous protest.
7. Thou shalt not squander thy husband's patrimony for thy wool, for he wilt not hold thee Hooverizing if thou spend it all, and givest not up thy pin money.
8. Thou shalt not leave thy shining needles carelessly on thy helpmeet's easy chair for thy helpmeet to sink onto and rise in haste therefrom.
9. Thou shalt take heed that thou droppeth not stitches o'er the landscape whilst knitting thy wristlets and simultaneously endeavoring to carry on animated converse, which is impossible for the novice.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's novel knitting-bag, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's gold tipped needles, nor thy neighbor's deftness, nor the ease with which thy neighbor doth knit whilst listening to the Orpheum witticisms.

WITH THE GOLFERS

By BECKY SHARP

INDIVIDUALLY, of course, the golfers are as lordly as ever. But collectively there is a shadow of suspicion of diffidence, a half-shy, explanatory sort of attitude which hopes you will understand, don't you know, that the tournaments this year are for the Red Cross, and after all, the President himself spoke a good word for outdoor athletics, and what could keep a man more fit than golf, eh what?

So that is why 141 specimens of worthy masculinity congregated at the San Gabriel Country Club for the first big invitation tournament of the season last week and hoped we would understand they fully appreciated that we were in the war just the same. Of course they do. They were prepared to stop and cuss the Bolsheviks in any bunker, and not a one of them that would not have brained the Kaiser with a niblick of putted Hindenberg and Von Tirpitz into a hole.

Elmer Ralphs won the tournament. He is the champion of the San Gabriel Club, so that was a seemly victory. And this, too, is his last tournament. He has joined the non-flying section of the aviation and expects to leave this week. Thomas McCall, veteran golfer, of the Los Angeles and Brentwood Country Clubs was runner-up. It was a good match in which Ralphs was but two up at the end of the first 18 holes of the finals, and in which McCall won three out of four holes in the second round at the very start and had the champion 1 down at the fourth. But Ralphs thrives on the "down" grade and swung into a steadiness that he reserves for crises. And McCall was tired and took three putts on pesky greens, so that the match was all over at the 12th—5 up and 4 to go.

Walter Cosby and Dr. D. G. Porter were the second flight finalists, the doctor winning by 1 up at the 20th hole. Both these gentlemen have war affiliations. Dr. Porter is connected with the Wright aeroplane industry, and Walter Cosby, on a recent visit to England, has had several of his suggestions adopted in the matter of munitions. Cosby is a 4 handicap man and used to be an old time champion in the early days of golf in California. He has come back in style. But he tells a good story on himself when he was "over there." He was talking golf with a war office official and duly received an invitation to play. He gave his handicap as 4 and they got up a foursome. And Walter played to a 30 handicap and left the onus of labor entirely with his war office partner, who let off a good deal of British satire on the subject. It nearly lost him an interview with the Prime Minister. Moral, keep on your game.

E. Conde Jones of the Midwick Club was the arch-hero of the qualifying round which he won with a 72 on that day the hurricane struck town. It was really a miraculous score under the distressing circumstances, with oak leaves rising in whirlpools and the greens laden with dancing debris. And Conde Jones used to be an old time champion in Southern California golf 20 years ago. He must have been so very youthful then. It is a long time since he has shone however, and he dropped golf in disgust for 10, these many months last year. However, he took it up again in time to dazzle this tournament—and he did it with but three clubs—a cleek, a mashie and a putter. And when one considers that some players, notably A. M. Goodhue of Virginia, have a bag of 18 clubs—maybe there is not necessarily safety in numbers.

Dr. J. H. Warner of Annandale enjoyed some triumphs, too. He had a 77 medal round on the first day, which his 10 handicap made 67—and he was also the winner of the first defeated eight flight, defeating W. W. Yenwine 3 up and 2. That 67 won the best net in the qualifying round, for which Dr. Warner tied with E. W. Nixon of Pomona College. Mr. Nixon is

a 14-handicap man who has only played golf for a little under a year—and that on the little sporty nine-hole Indian Hill course. He is football coach and physical culture instructor at the college—and looks the part—a decided acquisition to the game.

George A. Moore, the winner of the third flight laurels, won from C. G. Twist of Orange County 1 up. And this was a genuine feat of endurance for Mr. Twist took the first six holes away from him and his possible victory seemed vanishing with dreadful celerity. He is an 18 handicap man and played to 6 to reverse that imminent defeat. He was heard recklessly declaring that he didn't care how much they shaved his handicap after that.

Two particularly interesting contestants were Harold B. Lamb and Nate Mears, both past champions returned to the fold. True, they did not cut any particular ice in this tournament—that hurricane got their "goat,"

but it is going to make golf much more stylish to have them in the running against Macbeth and Armstrong this season. Harold Lamb has provided and equipped an ambulance for France. He had hoped to drive it himself, but that consummation has not yet been attained. Nate Mears, who is a comparatively recent bridegroom, does matrimony infinite credit if appearances go for anything.

George Cline, host of the tournament, got put out in the first round but continued sportily cheerful. "Dad" Aborn, father-in-law of the municipal park golf, was on the scene, but notwithstanding a dazzling round of 70 a few days before, this was not his occasion for effulgent golfing.

The next invitation tournament is at the Altadena Country Club on the 24th inst. If we have a few more showers before then, the course should be in excellent condition, for they have been conscientiously petting it throughout the summer.

SCOTTICISMS

Sandy MacTavish was observed wandering about the grounds, having been drawn there by his innate and thistle-nourished love of the grand old game. Mr. MacTavish, on being pressed for an opinion as to the sport, contented himself by reciting with a "burr" like a rip-saw, and an unction impossible to reproduce the following lines of his own.

GOLF

Or Summer, or Winter
Or Autumn or Spring,
Or if two seasons flock in together,
Here's the sport of all sports,
I am sure you'll agree,
In this rare California weather,

For there's health and there's life in the swing of a "cleek"
Or the swish of a well-handled "brassie"
And you'll find it a game that it far, far from tame
When played with a rosy-cheeked lassie.

So buy you a "driver" and purchase a "cleek"
And put on some tartan socks flashy,
Get a "mid-iron" too, and of balls take a few,
Don't forget a reliable "mashie,"

And hie you away to the "links" for a day,
Where the turf is all daisy and grassy,
And your heart will beat high 'neath a clear, cloudless sky
Along with your favorite lassie.

Sandy MacTavish.



ELMER RALPHS

Winner of the San Gabriel Club's Invitation Tournament

FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW

By HAMILTON LITTLE



THE movement to raise the pay of the mail carriers was started just at the psychological moment—right before Christmas. One look at any of these human pack horses at that period of the year is enough to evoke pity from a wooden Indian. What with the usual rush of first class matter, they are laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels and the like, and they stagger about through Broadway crowds in a maze of terror lest they lose their packages and their reputé at the same time. I hope the government does raise 'em—and gives each a flivver for use during the holidays.

INCIDENTAL to the taking over of the railroads by the federal government, does that release all employes of the said roads from income taxation? If I am not mistaken, the congress exempted

itself, and in doing so, did likewise for others in the governmental service, automatically. And as all the railroad men will now become servants of Uncle Sam, do they get out of paying this income tax with the rest of his helpers? It's an interesting problem, and I won't hazard a guess on its solution, either.

OUR GOOD friend Gertrude Hoffman, has twice been arrested since she started her present vaudeville tour, for lack of clothes on her stage appearances. As if such a thing were possible! Why, how anyone could wear fewer clothes than, for instance, some of our own classic dancers, I don't know. The eliminatory process seems to have gone as far as it could, with them, to leave anything on at all save grease paint. If Gertrude can do more—well, I don't know how it is possible. Anyhow, I hope my eyesight holds out till she reaches here.

WELL, "east is east and west is west," but sometimes the east has to come west to become wise. All of which is inspired by the fact that that other Broadway has at last accepted woman suffrage, which we have had on this Broadway for some years now. New York, city and state, will hereafter permit women to vote, and the nation-wide battle for the ballot by femininity may be conceded as won, for of course New York was one of the strongholds of the opposition. There is New England to be conquered yet, and the South. Both will have to come to it; the only question is, how soon? I am rather inclined to think that the South will adopt woman suffrage before rock-ribbed Maine does.

OUR prophetic railroad friends say we are to have the greatest tourist season that ever was, this winter; the bookings at the tourist hotels seem to confirm their prognostications, and everyone is rubbing his hands in anticipation of the golden flow to be turned loose by the benighted easterners who will persist in living there, only to be driven out annually by an inhospitable climate. Which reminds me that Los Angeles, proper, has no one really typical tourist hotel. Pasadena, Riverside, Coronado, Beverly Hills—all are claiming a share of this profitable trade, but the city itself sees them pass by, save for brief halts between trains in the downtown hostelries. Some day, someone is going to take advantage of this, and put up in the city itself a luxurious tourist hotel, just for this trade; a trade that would be glad to stay in Los Angeles if suitable quarters existed. Think what a site the top of the hill west of Figueroa street, north of Sixth, would make—several vacant blocks of rolling ground, just made for a hotel of this sort—even to possibilities of golf links—and right in town.

IMITATION may be the sincerest flattery, but I do think that a little credit to the original is due from the imitator. A little while back, I made what I considered an impassioned plea for the retention in Los Angeles of the old individual Spanish names for our thoroughfares. A few days later, I read in our esteemed contemporary, The Times, a likewise

impassioned plea, along the same lines, and even in parts in the same words; urging the same thought, and reiterating some of the same names. Of course, a cat can smile at a king, and all that, don't you know, but even the king might stoop to stroke the cat and hear it purr. However, with the powerful backing of the powerful Times in my urge for the good old names, perhaps our joint efforts won't be in vain. Here's hoping—and thanks for the flattery, O Times!

HERE'S a bit of theatrical gossip: The owners of the Majestic theatre, the Hamburgers, are tearing the insides out of that playhouse and are to rebuild it, save for the outer walls. The Majestic never was habitable if you wanted to see or hear a show there, for from the gallery the stage was not visible, and hardly so from the balcony, while the acoustics were terrible. Now, why is this done? Can it be that canny Mr. Morosco, whole lessee of the Majestic and only half-lessee of the Mason, will shift the traveling shows from the Mason uptown to the Majestic? Or is the split between Klaw & Erlanger and the Shuberts to give us two lines of shows, as of old, instead of merely one? The former is the guess mostly bruited about. Everyone knows that the Mason is too far north for any "drop in trade," which is a large factor in the success of a theatre, and the Majestic is much better situated therefor. It is a newer house, fireproof and cosy. The Mason is larger and has tradition back of it. But the theatrical powers that be are not prone to consider tradition as against money making, and sometimes a house can be too large for comfort or profit. And there you are.

I KNOW a family whose head has cut its youngsters off from candy and their crying for it has become a scandal in the neighborhood. Now, wouldn't you say that family has been boo-hoo-verized? You can take it for what it's worth; I don't care for puns, myself.



A FRIEND of mine has a dog that, up to last April, used to be so fond of Hamburger steak that it kept him poor providing it for the beast. But since the United States declared war on Germany, that pup won't touch Hamburger, and he has to buy porterhouse for the dog. Patriotic canine, all right, but what about this H. C. L. stuff?

A WOMAN with one of those all-encompassing knitting bags went into a certain downtown hotel the other day, and a bellhop immediately grabbed the carry-all, thinking it was an old fashioned carpet bag! And before she got it back, the porter had duly pasted one of those stickers on it which, a few years ago, it was a fad to collect! Now what do you think of that?

WHEN we have rain—IF we do have any—will it again, as usual, be necessary to run bridges out over the Broadway gutters, that those who wish to cross the street may do so without swimming? This annual event has become so expected on the part of tourists that it would be a pity to disappoint them, for then they couldn't write home about it, and thus advertise the matter. Of course, that is really good advertising, for too many easterners are prone to believe that this is the land of little water, and that it never—or seldom ever—rains here at all. A story from a compatriot of being carried gallantly across the raging flood in our principal thoroughfare by a husky crossing officer, and of seeing bridges thrown over the gutters—well that is the most convincing evidences of our wetness. But I really am afraid that the usual rainy season will pass, this winter, with no more than dew or fog to console us.

HAVING the Scotch with us just now, what with Harry Lauder at the Auditorium, and Jack Wyatt's band at the Orpheum, and seeing the huskies about in their kilties, one can appreciate the designation given to the fighters of the Hiellands by the Huns—"the ladies from hell," the boches term them.



FIRST INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

THE ART of photography,—for it is an art—has made marvellous strides since the day of Daguerre and Niepce. It is quite possible that photographing in colors will eventually be perfected so that the most elusive shades in a butterfly's wing will be reproduced on the camera. Some remarkable results in this branch of the art have already been attained, and constant and enthusiastic experiment is being made by both amateur



Twilight. Sara W. Holm

and professional photographers. The First International Photographic Salon, held under the auspices of the Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles, while not offering any work strictly coming within the definition of color photography along the brighter tints, has many beautiful photographs which typify the artistic results possible from combinations of black, sepia and other shades of brown, white, and grey.

The exhibit is perhaps most notable in its divergence and demarcation from the usual and accepted stiff angles and tones of average photography, and for its signal success in true pictorial effects. Many of the photographs have a Corot-like softness and suggestiveness. Many others have a reminder of the portrait painters in their delineation of faces and forms. There is nearly always the absence of flat and tame surfaces, and either the well-defined, or the suggestive sweep of artistic perspective. The composition of some of these photographs is genuinely artistic, and bespeaks the keen-eyed choice of the artist nature rather than the haphazard placing of a camera in position and trusting to luck to produce a picture. Anyone can take a photograph; but it takes true artistic perception and appreciation of values to take a picture. Whistler declaimed loudly that "Nature very seldom sang in tune." Very seldom, indeed, to those who do not love nature with the inward passion. She expects her devotees to study her moods all seasons and all years, and she does not reveal her music nor her loveliest pictures to the unthinking and the casual mind.

Many of these photographs stamp their makers as real followers and worshippers of outdoors in all its charm and variety. Lovely bits of wood and sky, wide fields and stretches of seashore, gnarled clumps of wind-swept forestry, lakes like gems set deeply in their greenwood surroundings. No. 91, "The Lake," and 95, "The Wilderness Dawn," by Francis Orville Libby of Portland, Maine; No. 100, "Diana Rides the Night," by Dr. Rupert S. Lovejoy of Portland, Maine; No. 132, "The Power of the Ocean," by W. C. Sawyer, of Los Angeles; No. 52, "Morning Shadows," by Forman Hanna, of Globe, Arizona; No. 62, "Misteris de Nokto," a forest scene by John A. Hickey of Oakland, California; 63, a charming outdoor effect by the same artist; 31 and 35, "A Bit of the River" and "Decorative Landscape," by John Paul Edwards of Sacramento, California; No. 2, "The Cloud," by Fred R. Archer of Los Angeles; No. 20, "Windswept Trees," by J. C. Carlton of Los Angeles; No. 143, "Sundown in the Lowlands," Lou Sweet, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and scores of others were distinctive in their thorough sympathy with an artistic interpretation of nature in her myriad tenses. One of the most striking and beautiful pictures in the exhibition to me was "Invocation" by Louis Fleckenstein of Los Angeles. Here the beauty and the spirituality of nature were both exemplified. The figure with outstretched arms, standing under the trees is exquisitely posed, and by some magic the light from above has been gathered on the tree immediately in front of, and the tree immediately behind the figure. This raying in of the light in one spot brings the suggestion of a painting, rather than a photo-

graph, and the entire effect is poetic in the highest degree. The same artist has a most spirited and dashing figure in No. 48, "The Ballet; An Impression."

There are a number of very fine portrait photographs in the Exhibit. "Twilight," by Sara W. Holm of Chicago, Illinois, No. 67 in the catalogue, is a fine example of this line in the exhibition. No. 145, "Mother," by Miss Mabel Watson of Pasadena, California, and No. 169, "Last Rose of Summer," and 167, "A Parting Glance," both by Mrs. Barton, of England; No. 159, "Manana," by A. Wyckoff, of Los Angeles, a typical Spanish attitude, were all striking pictures. In the nudes, No. 84, "The Bubble," by Arthur F. Kales, Los Angeles, California, was simply exquisite. It was, in my opinion, the very finest nude in the exhibit. No. 88, "Midsummer's Day Dream," another nude by the same artist was fair, but not nearly equalling either the pose or the loveliness of form of "The Bubble." There was also a very charming girl nude, a mere child, number 8, entitled "Sunshine," by Alice Boughton of New York. No. 12, "Here's Hoping," by George Brookwell, of Los Angeles, representing two small boys just about to cast their fishing lines in a sequestered pool was a picture I greatly admired. So, too, was No. 130, "The Canal," by W. H. Rabe of Oakland, California. A delightful bit was two wee girls standing by the water's edge, with just the suggestion of their shadows in the pool below. This last was quite a reminder, in a childish, photographic, and lovely way of Burne-Jones famous painting of "Venus' Mirror."

In a review such as this it would be impossible to enumerate all the meritorious, beautiful, and artistic pictures. Inevitably, in the first view, photographs of exceptional worth are apt to be overlooked. As a matter of fact, every wall in the room of the exhibit deserves to be studied slowly, and with the closest care. It is a revelation of what can be accomplished by the photographer's art, both by the professional and by the amateur, when animated by the vital spirit of artistry. It is an exhibition which should be attended by all who are lovers of the beautiful. A number of typical Californian scenes are shown, as well as pictures from different portions of the United States and from England. It is to be sincerely hoped this exhibition will be made a permanent annual one, and that the success of the First Salon may pave the way to an enduring exposition of the photographic art in America. No one interested in art, or photographic art should fail to see and study this remarkably fine exhibit. It is a credit to its exhibitors, and an inspiration to those who believe that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."



Invocation. Louis Fleckenstein

NEW MODES DESCRIBED—By Violette Ray



Old "Blighty" sends this top-coat, as a shield for the golf or tennis-playing girl. Burberry made, the garment is tailored as only English man-tailoring can be, and the material provides the utmost of warmth and infinitesimal weight. That it is at Robinson's foretells that it is smart. The hat is fruited with the latest products of worsted pomology.

WINTER does not linger in the lap of Spring, in Southern California—at least sartorially. On the contrary, Spring springs full-fledged from out a hat-box! Already she is performing this fascinating feat.



The elusive charm of early Springtime, lurks in the diaphanous folds of this chiffon foulard afternoon frock, to which dash is given by the checkered pattern—blue against oyster white and the navy satin shoulder panel, extending well upon the skirt. That exclusiveness which one associates with the Citrin shop is well represented in this fascinating frock.

"The top o' th' mornin' to yee!" might be Dame Fashion's greeting, were she of that nationality, for 'tis at the top, that Madame la Mode begins the season's transmutation. One touch of new millinery makes the whole world—dress world—kin to the latest vogue, and for this reason the first-of-the-season hats are apt to be in the prevailing color tone which conjoins the out-



That the all-purposeness of navy serge, need not be common-place, is testified by this delightful one-piece dress. Its very plainness, leaving the mind free to dwell upon its salient features, forms somewhat of its charm. It awaits your dotting gaze at Harris & Frank's.

going and in-coming popular tints. And so it is beige, navy, blond brown and of course, the all-harmonizing black, supported by some of the military shades and their near relations.

Taupe or mole just touched with khaki brown has taken unto itself a new cognomen and comes forth as "volunteer" in deference to the military concept.

The pictured suit from Swelldom is in this popular tint. In a fine weave of tricotine, this suit has all the salient features of the newest mode. The narrow lower skirt, the knee-length tunic, and the coat with a jaunty, pointed skirt falling longer at the hips and at either side the front, the vest and collar of suede colored doeskin cloth, all declare this smart Swelldom suit to be the present season's. The hat, in a shade to match, has a silken brim and a rounded crown formed from narrow strands of ostrich, joined demurely to the brim by means of a narrow, moire ribbon tied in a Priscilla bow.

A Burberry top-coat direct from old "Blighty," is here in readiness to welcome the sports season. Rather, it is pictured here, but its substance awaits the outdoors call, at Robinson's. "Burberry" woven on the band of any outer garment is an unfailing sign of quality,

of lightness, of warmth and weather-proofness. That it also stands for style indescribable, the merest eye-sweep can discern. The Sports hat which appears above it, a veritable blossom of the out-of-doors, is of that Oriental weave in straw which has been chastened, rarefied, to express the wants of straw newness in Spring millinery. The fruit that has come to ripeness at the crown-brim line is of that worsted Burbanked sort, plucked from some Never-never land of horticulture, where such marvelous yarn things grow, to fulfill a novel mission. Turquoise satin is the hat's crown, and the fruits are in golden yellows, mellowing to deepest rose.

If it's wooden-head-embroidered, it's the very latest mode in clothes! Wooden beaded is the Bullock frock of Poiret twill, whose snowy whiteness permeates the skirt and waist, and mists into the guimpe and collar and the broadly up-turned cuffs of the short, quaint jacket. The latter is of the sort which in Godfrey's Ladies books of long-agoness was named a "sacque." It is of navy twill and beaded in that sketchy pattern in which is told the latest beading vogue. Novel features so crowd the vision, in this just-in three piece suit, that words fail to issue forth in profusion sufficient to designate them each and all. The bodice is of the new no-neck cut, and the guimpe of finest organdy with its



Every newest feature is embodied in this suit from Swelldom: Tricotine, narrow skirt, knee length tunic, doubly pointed coat, doeskin cloth vest. "Volunteer" is the color of the suit and the hat volunteers to match. The crown, formed from narrow strands of ostrich flues, novel in being curled instead of chemicalized, is a warrant of millinery satisfaction.

straight, long, open sleeves, says a word as to the coming Spring-time; while the upturned apron tunic panelled front, which playfully pretends to being pockets,—sort of pocketless pockets they might be called,—lined with navy serge, claims equal distinction with the little girlishness of the closely fitting

bodice, buttoning in a straight row up the back. The hat, a navy Milan, in the finest weave, attempts effectively to obliterate one eye of the girlish wearer, and then upon second thought, soars to Empyrean heights, pinioned in its flight by a group of curved, bronze feather quills. The hand-bag, carried with this delightful suit, is of brown moire, framed in tortoise-shell—a bag of capacity just under measuring those of war-knitting fame.

The woman whose wardrobe does not number one or more frocks or dresses in some phase of navy serge, is hopelessly *de mode*. That plainness which is



The material world has contributed Poiret twill in white and navy, toward the making of this suit at Bullock's; but it is the im-material—in that something indefinable—by which it is most distinguished. Pocketless pockets, hieroglyphed in wooden beads, the latest alphabet of Fashion, a tight, back-buttoned bodice, white organdy guimpe and collar, and supremest novelty—the full hanging sacque, make this three-piece suit most swagger.

the synonym for smart when it comes to navy serge, is strikingly exemplified in the pictured one from Harris & Frank's, where smartness is the *sine qua non* of women's clothes. The line of buttons, marching trigly up the back, and a second following a parabolic curve from waist-line to chin, the buttons holding tightly to the wrist the long, snug sleeve, the tunic fullness gathered in some mysterious way, from the trim scantness of the narrow skirt and made to pouch just underneath the hips—all are features joining in the chorus that designates navy serge as the ultimate in the one-piece all-purpose dress. The high collar of battleship gray cloth, adds just the needed atmosphere.

Chiffon foulard is the medium through which newness is expressed, in the dainty afternoon frock, found at the Citrin shop. Blue on oyster white, developed in a basket-woven check of more than moderate dimensions, lends unwonted

(Continued on Page 26)

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SUCH a throng of interesting visitors is within Southern California's gates just now, and each in-coming train continues to bring in its host of refugees from the snow-bound east. And as is usual, the great open-hearted hospitality of the Los Angeles society folk is being extended to the visiting friends and relatives for whom many informal entertainments are being given. One of the most feted of the visitors in Los Angeles at present is Mrs. Joseph Halla of Chicago, whose friends here are making every effort that her first trip to the Pacific Coast shall be a memorable one. Mr. and Mrs. George Fusenot entertained for Mrs. Halla recently with a dinner party and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Parker also gave a dinner recently in her honor. Among the affairs planned ahead in compliment to this charming visitor is a tea to be given Tuesday by Mrs. Violet Ball Stone, a cousin of Mrs. Halla. Seventy-five guests have been invited in for the occasion. Another interesting visitor who is receiving her quota of social courtesies is Mrs. M. S. Muchmore, who is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Frederick Stearns of Hollywood. Mrs. Willis Hunt and Mrs. Richard Lacy entertained recently in compliment to Mrs. Muchmore, as did Mrs. Stearns. The former, by the way, has as her own house guest, her mother, Mrs. Ella Huntington, who accompanied her from the east upon her return from a recent trip there. Miss Kathryn Thompson of Evansville, Indiana, who has been house guest for a fortnight or so of Miss Gertrude Gooding and her mother, Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding, has also been the recipient of several delightful social courtesies, among them two afternoon bridge parties of which Miss Gooding and Mrs. Gooding were hostesses. Mrs. Edward R. Maier has been entertaining as guests her mother and aunt, Mrs. George Stegmaier and Mrs. Christopher Stegmaier of Chicago; Mrs. Drusilla Daily-Warner and her daughter, Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison have as their guest for a few weeks, the former's son, Mr. Charles Cauffield Daily of Salt Lake City. Another visitor to Los Angeles, and one who is particularly distinguished, is Madame Marguerite Chenu, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig. Madame Chenu is allied with the old nobility of Foubourg St. Germain, and her mission here is prompted by the great humanitarian work of the Red Cross in which she is so vitally interested. Among other visitors of the nobility who are sojourning in Los Angeles at present are Sir Frank Barnard, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and Lady Barnard. They plan to pass the winter months in Southern California.

It isn't only the easterners who are hastening westward to Los Angeles and other of the Southern California cities. The cold of the east has also turned homeward any number of the prominent society folk who have been enjoying a bit of travel on the other side of the Rockies. Mr. and

Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin and their daughter, Miss Cecile McLaughlin are again occupying their home on South Figueroa street after a three weeks' visit in the east. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips and their younger daughter are back again in their Berkeley Square home. Their other daughter, Lucille, who is now Mrs. Wayland Morrison has returned to her

only a few of the many Los Angelans who have returned from their travels eastward and northward, and a roll-call of the prominent society folk would find but a few of them missing. In most part, while the Southern Californians find it pleasant to enjoy an occasional trip away from this ideal part of the country they are always eager to wend their way homeward again.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow left several days ago for Santa Barbara, where they plan to pass a fortnight or more. Captain and Mrs. Harlow arrived in Los Angeles, from their home in Washington, D. C., several weeks ago and while here made their home at Hotel Darby. A constant round of social courtesies was bestowed upon these charming visitors, the latter having a host of friends, having formerly resided in Los Angeles when she was Mrs. Walter Newhall. Monday evening, January 14, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schweppe gave a dinner in honor of Capt. and Mrs. Harlow, inviting to meet them, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, who have just returned from the east, Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland. Tuesday evening, January 15, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler were hosts at a charming dinner and Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil also complimented Captain and Mrs. Harlow with a dinner at her home in South Figueroa street. To enumerate all the courtesies extended Captain and Mrs. Harlow would be to say that scarcely a day of their visit here did not see some pretty affair being given for them. It is just possible that Captain and Mrs. Harlow will return to Los Angeles a bit later for a brief visit before returning to their home in the east.

Simple in all its appointments was the wedding of Miss Ruth Henrietta Fleming and Mr. Arthur P. Adkisson, which was celebrated Saturday afternoon, January 12, at St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, Dean MacCormack reading the service. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Agnes Fleming and Mr. Adkisson's best man was his brother, Lieutenant Parker Adkisson. The bride, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Fleming of South Hoover street, Los Angeles, is a graduate of Marlborough and also attended Vassar. The bridegroom is a former Kentuckian, but is now in business in Los Angeles, and is the son of Mrs. Louise Adkisson. Mr. Adkisson and his bride left for a honeymoon trip, which is to include Riverside and other Southern cities and upon their return will make their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Davis entertained at dinner, Tuesday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Davis, the former being a brother of the host. Following the dinner the party went to the theater. Mr. and Mrs. Davis recently returned from Coronado and San Diego. Returning with them was Mrs. Davis' young son, Mr. Fred Aldrich, whom they have placed in the Pasadena Military Academy.



International Film Service

MRS. CHARLES ROGERS

One of the Southland's most charming brides. She was Miss Susan Ward of Berkeley before her marriage in November to Mr. Rogers, who is a scion of one of Los Angeles' prominent families.

studies at Vassar. Captain Morrison, who claimed this attractive Los Angeles girl as his bride at Christmas time, has gone to France where he is an officer in the Medical Department. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Emmett Whitley after a trip to New York and Washington, are again domiciled in their picturesque home in Whitley Canyon. These are

NEW YORK LETTER

By SHERLEY HUNTER

New York, January 12th, 1918.

IN recent days many a New Yorker who was not a German sympathizer did the goose-step to work—because of icy walks and pavements. One man was killed and a score injured on the ice-glaze that covered everything. A fellow could work up a terrible sweat—going through the hurry-motions and yet get nowhere. You could tell where a man's centre of gravity was—head or feet. Fuel, milk, newspapers were brought to a dead and trembling stop. I remember seeing a charming, and reticent, young creature mince out of a bakery with a bag of rolls and loaf of bread—zip! flip! Whew! how she did—knead—that bread! One chap who goes in for estimating distances claimed that—in one day, throughout the city, persons wasted twenty thousand miles sliding beyond where they desired to go. One portly salesman went to the hospital from continued screaming with laughter at the things he saw. Smooth glass was sand-paper compared to it—really!

With John D. Rockefeller's recent gift of \$5,500,000 to the Rockefeller Foundation this American has given "for the good of mankind" over \$181,265,506. The Foundation's expenditures through the first seven months of 1917 included \$370,000 to assist various agencies working among sailors and soldiers at training camps in widely separated parts of the country; \$402,500 for war and other medical work and \$5,654,372 for humanitarian purposes. Five million of the latter sum went to the American Red Cross.

German bars here—where New York has left the sons and daughters of Germania their wein stuben and where as genuitliche zeit can be had of a Sunday evening with a generous stein of—ah—or two—to grace the table and warm the heart—bravely shows the patriotic bedeckings for Uncle Sam, according to the prices—ignoring the Sunday night violation against liquor selling. Some of the places look like a bargain counter's display cards.

Girls! Lots of beads worn on hats for spring and summer they tell me. And sports clothes must be suits—not separate and different, coat and skirt. Then there are to be hats of Georgette and banded Milans and many black Liseres and poke shaded sailors of straw and satin—the latter mostly white, some for motoring, and shaped like a cape with satin used for the peak and crown of shirred chiffon. Also smart hats of crash to match knitting bags. Be as gay and giddy with parasols this coming season as your conscience will allow—Oriental or domestic ones. Fancy striped woolens for wraps and satin, shantung and foulard for tailored garments, with cotton linings. Back come Buster Brown neckwear and artist collars of pique and organdie—with almost any kind of black satin and taffeta ties—wide or narrow. Be daring this summer, girls! Right now you do not see the reason—later you will! Bring down the sunshine of the skies so that folk can see it when you pass—vibrate in smiles and courage and non-chalance.

About the most important thing at the National Automobile Show is the reflection of the war's colors. The color range is wide and goes to extremes—with brown and tan and olive drab leaders and many marine blues. Practically every maker is showing a four-passenger car with a shortened tonneau. Disc wheels have appeared in a dominant quantity. Attention is accented on calling automobile owners attention to fuel economy and keeping cars well adjusted as a war-time economy and—also, personal satisfaction. Motors will play a large part in reducing traffic conditions on the railroads.

The president of the Interborough accuses New York women of shopping during the rush subway hours and carrying knitting bags as a camouflage. Posing that they are knitting for the soldiers, they intimate patriotism and get seats as a consequence—when in reality they are just returning from teas and shopping and cause toil-weary men and women to stand up. The new mayor is riding on the surface cars to study transportation conditions and has sent in several severe criticisms on conditions.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been commissioned a chaplain in the Navy Reserve with the grade of lieutenant commander. At one time Dr. Van Dyke was United States Minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg—that was in 1913. He was born at Germantown, Pa., in 1852, graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, Princeton College, Princeton Theological Seminary and the University of Berlin. He has received various educational degrees. In 1878 was ordained in the Presbyterian ministry and was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, later became professor of English in Princeton. He has written many books—mostly of a theological nature and one or two on his conceptions of political situations here and abroad. Dr. Henry Van Dyke is widely known for his lectures and loved for bringing man closer to God through mirrorings of Nature and the messages he has gleaned.

In Massenet's "Thais" Miss Geraldine Farrar is a far more potential temptress than the subtle Mary Garden. She is effective but her appeal is in the red rather than the cunning of lavender. She can lure but it is the obvious tigress and there is a faint suggestion—mental of course on the audience's part—I saw the dandiest ad for "Mum" today!

A sailor, "undesirable discharge," recently enjoyed kisses of super-sentimental women and generous gifts of soldiers from patriotic men at various charity affairs when he posed as a survivor of the torpedoed Jacob Jones. Led the grand marches at dances—all that sort of thing—then someone hung a dewy wreath of roses about his neck—and that erased him, for a group of big necked sailors "piped" the wreath and were suspicious. The "jackies" were not envious of his good time but that wreath of roses! Zowie! He is now doing time. This is a wise old burg?

At the annual style show of the Men's Clothing Designers' Association the things for next fall and winter, men, will be simple—very simple—blindingly simple. Narrower lapels and narrower pocket flaps. Patch pockets are nil. Vests without collars. Coats will be shorter and—ahem!—a bit binding—body building—you know what I mean! There will be pleated effects but camouflage stitched effects—no room in the pleat for even a flea—a chance flea at a movie-house—to creep in and hide.

Over in Newark recently came up the question of whether the churches or breweries should close on account of the lack of fuel. Could not the churches close and all meet together? It would not be possible for the saloons and breweries to do so on account of several angles. Evidently the booze interests have placed themselves where the preachers now can bring the question before the citizenry of the city—which is most important to the community.

I note that measures are to be made to readjust the distribution of labor of the country to avoid shortage at one place and too much at another. Where does Los Angeles come in on this? What are her necessary occupations to the main interest of the country at this time? Will it cause depletion or not? How about agriculture and chemicals, manufacturing and so forth? Why, Oh why, did she not awaken several years ago and entice the interests there that are of permanent benefit—true wealth? Why did she not tell the world, capital and labor, of her important advantages instead of ever harp on the superficial ones? Too late now?—when you say that, you are kidding yourself, dear reader, just kidding yourself—for now, today, is the time to prepare for the period when hostilities cease and the great nations go into competition for trade as they never have before—for the period when this country will consider international commerce more than European commerce—the commerce and untapped opportunities in the Orient. Wake up, Los Angeles, wake up!



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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

NOW THAT there has been a tentative truce declared between Captain Cupid and his first aide, "Cupid" Sparks, official dominion of the marriage license bureau, the society folk of Los Angeles and other Southern California cities are giving their attention to just a few social diversions, in most part informal courtesies to the charming visitors who are in our midst pro tem. Not that the weddings have been eliminated entirely, nor that the great humanitarian activities of the Red Cross workers are not being as indefatigably carried on as ever. There are still quite a number of fashionable weddings just in the offing, and several engagements only recently made known are planned for early marriage events. For a while, however, it seemed as if the society calendar had simply been immersed in weddings, and the interest was all the keener by the fact that the marriages trailed so closely upon the engagement announcements. Only within the fortnight was the betrothal of Miss Rose Lippincott to Mr. Henry Davis made known and the engagement of Miss Ruth Edith Grant to Mr. William Risley Flint was announced about the same time. These two weddings are among those looked forward to in the near future. Miss Lippincott is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Lippincott of Los Angeles. Mr. Davis is the brother of Mr. Pierpont Davis, who married Miss Gertrude Churchill several seasons ago, and he is also a brother of Mr. Emmett Davis, whose marriage to Mariska Aldrich, the well known opera prima donna was a more recent event. Miss Grant, the fiancée of Mr. Flint, is the daughter of Mrs. Robert D. Grant of Williamsport, Pa., while the young bridegroom-to-be, is the son of former Senator and Mrs. Frank P. Flint of Los Angeles. Much social interest will be attached to both weddings, dates for which are not yet announced. And there are other interesting nuptial events to be celebrated, so that it cannot be said that Captain Cupid and his official aide are to be classed among the slackers, despite the temporary truce they have declared. But even though the Los Angelans are dancing a bit, and having luncheons and occasional teas on the side, these social events are being taken in all seriousness and not as frivolous pastimes. Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow, whose visit in Los Angeles has been all too brief to please their host of friends have been the motif for many of these informal entertainments. They left last week for Washington, D. C. Madame Margaret Chenu of France has also been the recipient of several delightful affairs, although the social element of these has been dominated by the patriotic purposes of her visit here. While in Los Angeles, Madame Chenu is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig. She is a director of the French Red Cross headquarters and in her honor a reception was given her by the Alliance Francaise. Madame Chenu also spoke before the Salon Intime de l'Alliance Francaise at the home of Mrs. Brunswig one afternoon last week. Mrs. Willis G. Hunt and Mrs. Richard Lacy were also recent hostesses, entertaining with a big Red Cross bridge party at the Los Angeles Country Club. Several luncheon parties were enjoyed before the game. Mrs. Hunt, who has but recently returned from

the east, has with her for the winter, her mother, Mrs. Ella Huntington, who was a special guest of the occasion. Mrs. O. W. Childs was another recent hostess, entertaining with a bridge and tea at the California Club, and Saturday last Mrs. Ingle Carpenter gave an informal house-warming for a number of her friends at her attractive new home in Hollywood. The delightful dinner-dance given Saturday evening at the Alexandria under the auspices of the Red Cross Bird Cage Shop, of which Mrs. Michael J. Connell is in charge, also proved a memorably happy event. The entertainment, novel and exceptionally interesting, was heralded as "An American Fashion Review Along Petticoat Lane," and the success of the affair cer-

of Mrs. Murray, who was matron of honor. Other guests were, Mrs. Henrich, Mrs. Harrison Henrich, Jr., Mrs. Fred Jungquist, Mrs. Tom MacGowan, Mrs. Walter Overell, Mrs. Elsie Hardy, Mrs. Sara Kenny, Mrs. Edward Englebritson, Mrs. James Carr, Mrs. Ernest Sherwood, Mrs. Pascal H. Burke, Mrs. Edno Montague of Alhambra. Mrs. Paul Heydenrick, Mrs. Mathew Finehout, Mrs. Arlington Hemming, Mrs. John Miller, Mrs. Raymond Kent, Mrs. John Boss, Miss Ida Chapman, Miss Goldie Schneider and Miss Ella Echert. The afternoon was passed in pleasant conversation. Mrs. Murray will be remembered as Miss Berenice Marcher, daughter of Mr. Frank A. Marcher of Fourth avenue, whose marriage the lat-

ter part of last June was a society event. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Murray left for Arizona, their wedding trip including a trip to the Grand Canyon and Oak Creek, the latter place one of the scenically beautiful spots in Arizona. Lately they returned to Flagstaff where they remained until a few weeks ago when to the delight of their many friends in Los Angeles they returned here to make their home. Mrs. Murray is an accomplished musician and a brilliant musician will be included in one of the series of teas with which this attractive young matron is planning to entertain.

Miss Katherine Thompson of Evansville, Indiana, who is passing the winter in Los Angeles, the house guest of Miss Gertrude Gooding of Westmoreland avenue, was the inspiration for two delightful bridge luncheons, given by her hostess. The first one was given Thursday, January 10, and the second Friday, January 11. The decorations for both affairs were most attractive a color scheme of pink being carried out in the floral adorning of the rooms and the refreshments. About thirty-five guests were invited for the first occasion and thirty for the second. Miss Gooding was assisted in entertaining her guests by her mother, Mrs. Henry K. Gooding. Several other pretty affairs are being arranged in honor of this attractive visitor.

Pretty and marked with extreme simplicity was the wedding of Miss Irene Salisbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Hobert of South Pasadena and Mr. Hugh W. Mason, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Mason of Pasadena. The marriage was solemnized, Monday, January 7, at the home of the bride's parents, with only relatives and a few intimate friends present. Rev. W. H. Wotten, rector of St. James Episcopal church, performed the ceremony. Both Mr. Mason and his bride are popular members of the younger social set. Following a short honeymoon trip the young couple will return to Pasadena, where they will make their home until the bridegroom, who is in the Naval Reserves, is called to the front.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah L. Dabbs, whose marriage was an event of a few months ago and who have been enjoying an extended eastern trip, are to return to Los Angeles within a few days and will be at home to their friends at 1414 St. Andrews place. Mrs. Dabbs was formerly Miss Norma Cronwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting are now in their own new home, 421 South Harvard boulevard.



Hoover

MRS. STANLEY SMITH

One of the most attractive of the younger society matrons of Los Angeles, and one of the most earnest of the Red Cross workers. Mrs. Smith is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark, and before her marriage was Miss Florence Clark.

tainly resounded to the credit of the Bird Cage Shop committee, and their enthusiastic assistants, who included a number of the attractive girls who are members of the Junior Patriotic League. Many dinner parties given prior to the Revue, proved a thoroughly enjoyable social adjunct to the event.

Mrs. Ray A. Murray entertained with a charmingly arranged tea at her pretty rooms in the Chamouny apartments, Saturday, January 12. This is the first of a series of teas with which this recent bride will entertain her friends during the season. The floral decorations were carried out in pink, tea roses, with greenery being tastefully arranged, and the refreshments also were carried out in a pink color motif. Presiding at the tea table was Mrs. Elsie Hardy and Mrs. Arlington Hemming. Mrs. Murray's guests upon this occasion included her bridal party, who were Miss Cora Boettcher, Miss Juanita Lane, Miss Agnes Weber, Miss Lavinia Sanborn, bridesmaids; Miss Willie McClellan, maid of honor and Mrs. Frank A. Marcher, step-mother

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days
And his bequest of wings
Was but a Book, what liberty
A loosen'd spirit brings."

EDITH KINNEY STELLMAN is happily possessed of a most fertile imagination which has enabled her to do various sorts of things in an unusually interesting manner. My first remembrance of her, is as a charming hostess in the most wonderful little home perched high upon a lofty crest on that unforgettable spot called by San Franciscans—"Russian Hill." To arrive at this delectable haven, one followed a path which threatened at times to prove perilous, and constrained one to be grateful for being a sure footed person, but the ascent was forgotten upon arriving at what appeared at first sight to be an unsubstantial fairy place, but which proved a home in all that the word implies. I shall never forget the view from the various vantage points of that delightfully constructed little house.

At a less inspiring scene of beauty, I should probably have "ahed," but at that I "awed," and stood at gaze quite silently. This view was the joy of the Stellman's hearts, and was exhibited to guests with pleased and pardonable pride immediately upon their arrival, later they discovered for themselves the many evidences of art within doors, and I learned that Mrs. Stellman was not only an excellent cook and beautiful home maker, but also assisted her artist husband in most of his work. That was several years ago, since which time Mrs. Stellman has attained also to the art of authorship. Those who were attracted by the wonderful beauty of the bronze statues of child life at the San Francisco Exposition, will recall a little book entitled *Exposition Babies*, the text of which was quaintly charming, and the illustrations excellent, and she now comes to us with a most unusual book called *Katie of Birdland*, a Lyric of Outdoors,—which is a book to charm children of all ages, at least those from seven to seventy. In the most deliciously whimsical and strikingly original fashion she has woven a story of the feathered folk that have their home in the Golden Gate Park Aviary. She has made the birds talk as she did the baby statues in her previous book and the lively humor, quaint philosophy and many other human traits with which she invests them, renders their converse almost uncannily real. Mr. Stellman, whose short stories as well as his newspaper work have made him a well known figure in literary realms, and whose wonderful photographic color work has brought him prominently before the art world, has illustrated the book most effectively, portraying the charming whimsicality aptly, as well as beautifully. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stellman have lived in California for many years, Mrs. Stellman having graduated from the California School of Fine Arts. Their home is in San Francisco but they spend considerable time at that mecca of writers and artists,—Carmel by the Sea. *Katie of Birdland*. H. S. Crocker Company, San Francisco.

AN important piece of information for small folks is contained in *Peasblossom, the Adventures of the Pine Tree Fairy, and Others*, by Mable Fuller Blodgett, recently published by Doran Company, with illustrations by the author. This is that fairies are born in nests and hatched out of shells like little birds. It seems surprising then to hear that they have their faces washed by a nurse, who names them. *Peasblossom*, who was the

last hatched out of his batch of fairies, was given his name in a hurry because he was cross about having a green suit and the nurse's getting soap in his eyes. There is, altogether, a good deal with a surprise to it in *Peasblossom*. George H. Doran Company.

THE Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of *The Life and Confessions of the Mad Monk, Iliodor—Sergius M. Trufanoff*. Mr. Trufanoff, as many Americans know, was for many years the closest friend and confidant of Rasputin, the "holy devil" of the Russian court. As Father Iliodor, Abbot of the great Russian monastery of Tsaritzin, he was entrusted with the preparation of Rasputin for the priesthood, and the latter, at a time when he was hard pressed by his accusers, sought in every way to promote the fortunes of his friend in order to gain his powerful support and that of his immense popular following. Later, Iliodor obtained indisputable evidence of the scandalous "exploits" of Rasputin. He then broke off his irksome friendship and led a popular campaign not only against the "holy devil" himself but also against the Holy Synod and the Czar and Czarina who shielded him from the indignation of the Russian people. Unfrocked and imprisoned, Iliodor escaped to Norway and eventually to New York, where he is living at present. The Century Company has taken the greatest pains to corroborate the very complicated evidence in his amazing story. Fortunately, Mr. Trufanoff has in his possession photographs and other documents that will leave no doubt of his veracity in the most skeptical mind. His publishers consider that the book is not only of extraordinary interest from the popular standpoint but of great historical importance as well. The Century Company.

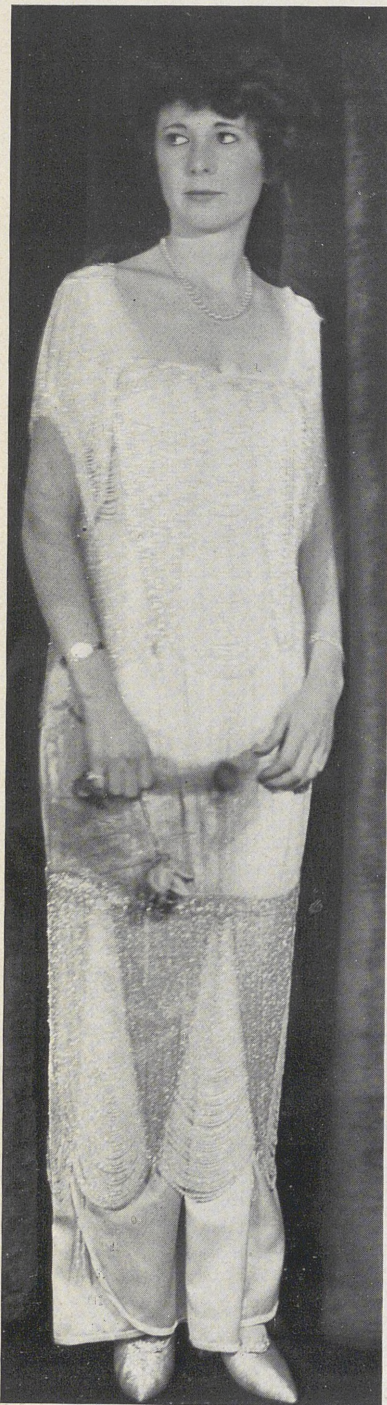


EDITH KINNEY STELLMAN
Author of "Katie in Birdland" and "Exposition Babies"

PAWNS OF WAR, a play by Bosworth Crocker, is printed with a very complimentary foreword by John Galsworthy. Forewords, prefaces, or introductions of any book, except by the author, are apt to be resented by the intelligent reader. It is too much in the line of a mother saying to a doubtful offspring, when approaching it with the medicine bottle, "take this now; it's nice; you'll like it." Let the authors write their own forewords, if they choose, although this is superfluous; but no sugar-coating of books by outsiders. *Pawns of War* is a play in three acts founded on the slaughter-house methods of the Germans in Belgium. It is, in effect, Raemakers' cartoons dramatized. It is a play which will enable its audiences, if it is ever staged, to literally wallow in blood, tears, murder, insanity, and suffering. If you happen to like this sort of a play, *Pawns of War* should appeal to you. Little, Brown and Company.

THE Book of Daniel has been considered the test book for the acceptance or rejection of the newer criticism. It is by no means just to say that those who regard it as a product of the second century before Christ are disposed to a critical and unbelieving attitude towards the historic authenticity of Old Testament documents. The saner view is to place the book among those belonging to a hortatory or moral kind, where the past is used, as in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, to provide lessons for the present. Almost every element which would put the book among Jewish national products of the bitter time of Antiochus is present;—the haziness of the character of Daniel; the corrupt forms, Nebuchadnezzar and Abednego; the presence of Greek terms inexplicable before 300 B. C.; the text itself; the chronological explanation of the four empires. Dr. Wilson, who is Professor of Old Testament History at Princeton Theological Seminary, tries bravely to find an explanation for these and for other difficulties; but the cumulative evidence is altogether against him. Putnam's.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY



MRS. L. D. WALLACE

AN EVENT of auspicious interest to society was the formal opening of the Hotel Huntington, the dinner and supper-dance being attended by nearly one thousand prominent folk from Los Angeles, and Pasadena, with a large representation of eastern visitors who have already arrived from the snow-buried cities of the east to pass the winter months in the balmy Southern California climate. In its every detail the opening festivities of the famous hostelry were resplendently beautiful and an air of "before-the-war" times was reflected in the gaiety and splendor of the occasion. D. M. Linnard, with the capable assistance of Mr. H. M. Wills and Mr. C. A. Philbrick, had spared no efforts in arranging for the event, and not only were the appointments artistically beautiful, with a most profuse array of fragrant blossoms and greenery, but the cuisine proved faultless and the supper dance, which drew many additional guests from Los Angeles and other of the con-

tingent cities, was a most enjoyable adjunct to the earlier dinner parties. Quantities of long-stemmed American Beauty roses, fluffy ferns and masses of other choice California blooms and greenery were arranged in the decorations with a lavishness that incited the wonderment and admiration of the eastern visitors. Music during the dinner hours proved one of the most delightful features. Among the prominent society folk noted were Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Harper and guests including Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coulston, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Volk, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stephen Vavra, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Leo McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ollier, Mr. and Mrs. Fred James and Mrs. Flo Sweazey. The B. O. Kendalls of Pasadena entertained quite a party of friends including Mr. and Mrs. Sam B. Stoy and two daughters, of San Francisco, Mr. Arthur Brown and Miss Brown of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Curtis, Miss Anna M. Bannister, Miss Corliss

Bercaw and Jack W. Kendall. Another interesting party over which presided Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Turner, numbered Senator and Mrs. Frank L. Stiles, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Busch, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hosking, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Herlihy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Prisk and Mr. and Mrs. C. Perkins Trantum. At another table Mrs. Parker Earle as hostess entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. George Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Turk, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Webster of Seattle, Dr. and Mrs. Sanford Whiting and Mr. Harry N. Ticknor. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Linnard and their daughter, Miss Dorothy Linnard entertained a party of sixteen guests and Reverend and Mrs. Baker P. Lee also had several guests, including Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Hartzell, Miss Alicia Lee and Mr. Richard Henry Lee. Among the other prominent guests who attended the sup-



MISS LILLIAN CONNERY AND MISS RUTH KOEHLER



MRS. GEORGE RASMUSSEN

per dance were Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Burke of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. S. Valletly, Mrs. George Albert Ralphs and her daughter, Miss Annabelle Ralphs, Miss Lillian Connery, an attractive debutante of Chicago who is visiting in the Crown City; Miss Ruth Koehler, Mrs. Walter Baker, Miss Rachael Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Orre E. Monnette of Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Ham, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrell, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wold, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Sindorf and many others.

Among the arrivals at Stratford Inn, Del Mar, are the following Los Angelans: Captain and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. L. A. Hank and party, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rush, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Murphy, Mrs. E. Dickinson and Ed Murphy, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Whittaker, Miss Pansy Whittaker, Mr. Nat Green, Mr. A. M. Parsons, Miss Elizabeth Parsons, Miss Elizabeth Brant, Mrs. Mary Godfrey, Mr. William C. Doake and Mr. J. F. Bornstow.

Friends are greeting Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Thomas of Eighth avenue, they having only recently returned from an extended visit in the east.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

Mrs. Annie Archibald, of Beachville, Ontario, Canada, is now in Los Angeles for a visit. Mrs. Archibald is staying with her brother, J. G. Bullock, 2657 West Ninth street. Mrs. Archibald is particularly interested in the news from the Western front of war, her son having gone to France with the 63rd Battery. He was subsequently transferred, and is now at the front with the troops. Young Archibald writes home interestingly of his experiences in the trenches, and of the very important part the American soldiers are taking in the war.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of Los Angeles, announces free lectures on Christian Science, by Clarence W. Chadwick, C. S. B., of Omaha, Nebraska, member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, to be delivered Sunday afternoon, January 20th, at 3 o'clock in Shrine Auditorium, 655 West Jefferson street and Monday evening, January 21st, at 8 o'clock in Second Church edifice, 948 West Adams street. The public is cordially invited.

Among the prominent Los Angelans who have been guests recently at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Hart who motored down Monday afternoon for a visit, accompanied by their small daughter and nurse. Mr. and Mrs. A. Lester Best also passed the week-end at the favorite watering place as did Mrs. Harry Stephens, Miss Evelyn Lantz and Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Chapman who motored down Saturday for the week end to be near Mrs. Stephens' son Neville who is stationed with the Navy. Mrs. Samuela Simmons of Beverly accompanied by Miss Ellen E. Hart, Miss Rosamond Runyon and her father Carman R. Runyan motored down Friday forming a merry dinner party Saturday evening preceding the Ball of All Nations, others in the party including Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Remsen and Major Chancellor. Dr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Norton of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles are domiciled for the season at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Norton is convalescing from her recent illness. Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Milo A. Baker, Miss Elizabeth Parsons, Miss Elizabeth Brant, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rieder, and Lester Rieder have also been included among the prominent Coronado visitors.

Mrs. William Irving Warner of West Washington street entertained recently at her home with a prettily appointed dinner, the event celebrating her birthday and also the birthday of Mr. John Attig of Oxford avenue. The rooms were tastefully decorated for the occasion. During the evening, Miss Gertrude Lee of New York gave several delightful interpretive dances in costume, with Miss Drusilla Crawford as accompanist. Mrs. Warner was assisted in entertaining her guests by her daughter, Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison. Mr. Charles C. Daily of Salt Lake City, son and brother of Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Hardison arrived here for a visit of several weeks and was responsible for merry cards of original greetings to each guest. Ten guests were invited, these including Mr. and Mrs. John A. Attig, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Groves, Mrs. Celeste Wickham, Mrs. Addie Gray, Miss Elmo Edwards, Miss Drusilla Hahn Crawford, Miss Gertrude Lee and Mr. Charles Cauffield Daily.

Miss Gwendolen Laughlin and her house guest, Mrs. William Bernard, formerly of Philadelphia are enjoying a few days at Palm Springs. Tuesday, January 15, Mrs. William Hook left for Washington where she will be with her husband, who left recently.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Deardoff of Kansas City, Mo., are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Deardoff of Windsor Square, who have recently moved into their new home, 444 Plymouth boulevard.

Possibly two of the most brilliant affairs ever given at Hotel del Coronado were those of Saturday afternoon and evening, January 12, when at the Patriotic Knitting Tea Dance, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang a group of charmingly rendered selections accompanied at the piano by Miss Edith Evans and through the courtesy of Major General Frederick Strong, commandant of the 40th Division, Camp Kearny, the full military band of the 145th Field Artillery, which is composed of picked musicians played for the dancing. Every available space in the spacious ballroom and lounge had been reserved for tea tables and long before the scheduled hour every table was taken and hundreds of persons unable to obtain accommodations were standing in the halls and corridors eagerly awaiting "standing room" to hear the famous diva and the hour's dancing afterwards. The affair was given under the auspices of the Coronado Branch Red Cross and the proceeds devoted to the Base Hospital at Camp Kearny. In the evening the Ball of All Nations was preceded by numberless dinner parties large and small, whose specially honored guests were officers, soldiers and sailors wearing Uncle Sam's uniforms, who came over to pass the week end with relatives and friends. "Soldiers, sailors everywhere, waiting to be danced with," was the slogan, the tables being turned and the "men were wallflowers."

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop of West Adams street, Los Angeles, are enjoying a fortnight's stay in San Francisco and other northern points. They are accompanied by Mrs. F. Irwin Herron of Orchard avenue.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

THERE is always somebody who delights in being on the other side of the fence from the crowd. And so with musical critics. From the general chorus of praise concerning the performances of Galli-Curci, the new soprano, who, up to this time has not been heard in New York, and Jascha Heifetz, who gathered all the laurels New York has to offer, there comes one "peep" of discontent from the *Little Review*. It has much of truth, however, in its general observations about art and artists (musical) that it will be unpalatable to many.

But anent Galli-Curci, notice these selected sentences: "She has a remarkable vocal organ which arouses the interest one has for a tight rope performance. This is not to say that she has an art; she hasn't anything more to do with art than a toadstool has. Galli-Curci is not an artist, by virtue of her lack of creative imagination. She is an unattractive little person without personality, charm, brains, or taste. Like Melba she has two gestures. I am merely objecting to the riot of idiocy that call voice, art."

And now as to Heifetz: "I was told he played the violin more wonderfully than Kreisler, but I heard virtuosity as definitely removed from comparison with Kreisler as Godowsky is from Harold Bauer. Heifetz plays with more ease than any violinist I have ever seen, not the playing of a master, but of a perfect pupil. Kreisler's quality is that of concentration of imagination, intellect and passion turned upon a finely conscious taste; Heifetz' is that of the unconscious human being playing music as someone else has conceived it. There was more art in Kreisler's playing of his arrangement of Paderewski's Minuet than in Heifetz' whole program."

From these excerpts it would seem that Galli-Curci and Heifetz are both ideal prima donnas of the *bravura* type.

AFTER a month of earned vacation, Charles Wakefield Cadman has left his comfortable Hollywood bungalow for the discomforts of New York, in order to oversee the production of his opera "Shanewis," which is scheduled for its first performance at the Metropolitan opera house, in March. In the cast will be Alice Gentle, Mabel Garrison, Thomas Chalmers and Paul Althouse, if my memory serves me correctly. Certainly with a cast like this and the elaborate staging and scenic equipment that this house provides, no composer could ask a better chance for operatic introduction to the public. But if the history of that house is taken as a forecast, the opera will have to be something extraordinary to survive, as no American opera which has had its first performance there has lived long after that event. Mrs. Eberhart, the librettist of the opera, who has been living in Hollywood, will accompany Mr. Cadman to New York, and may take up her residence in the east. Cadman's songs are being sung more and more by leading artists and his popular "At Dawning" has been issued in the Latin tongues, for South American use. And the "Thunderbird" suite has been issued by Boosey for orchestra, thus assisting in that colorful work's popularity.

Speaking of Cadman, reminds me of how he was the victim of an article in the *Herald* recently from which it might be implied that as he is interested in the Krotona institution he has sympathy with the publicity-hunting of certain individuals who profess to dabble with the occult. Cadman's nature is distinctly the opposite to any mystical or occult leanings. He is

practical, direct, sane and sensible; and if anyone can fit these attributes with occultism he deserves a Point Loma diploma. It was a pity to drag "this promising and modest youth" into any such connection.

FOR the program of the third symphony concert, Friday, February 1, there has been selected a list of numbers full of attraction for the music lover. The chief number is the modern symphony of Cesar Franck, one of the greatest works that has been written since the days of Wagner and Liszt. In the minds of many the engagement of Desidir Vecsei as solo-

ist again, is a leading feature of the concert. His success was so great in the Saint Saens concerto, at the January concert that there was a strong request for his return engagement; acceding to this, he will play the Liszt concerto, with the orchestra. To one who has heard Vecsei, no elaborate statement of his ability is necessary. Seldom has a soloist so carried his audience as did this pianist on his first appearance. Russia and Finland are represented on the program as well as France and Hungary. The opening number is to be Glazounow's *Overture Solonelle* and the closing one is the *Scenes Historiques*, by Sibelius, who may be regarded as the leading composer, not only of Finland but of all Russia, among those now living. The size of the symphony orchestra audiences makes it advisable to secure seats early.

THE announcement of a song recital by Estelle Heartt-Dreyfus, the well known local contralto, at Trinity Auditorium Friday evening, January 25, is a welcome one to music lovers. In every city there are a certain few musicians who are looked upon as representative, to be depended upon always presenting artistic, interesting programs. In this class Mrs. Dreyfus is found. She is a native of Los Angeles, and from the beginning of her career has devoted much thought and attention to careful program building. In music as in all things there exists the desire for a definiteness of purpose, a classification of idea. Mrs. Dreyfus having recognized this need, especially in song recitals, utilizes her art to this end and in every program there is a specific motif which runs like a connecting chain through the series of songs. The program she has chosen for this public concert will be a combination of the three most popular ones in her repertoire; the first third

will be devoted to "The Rhymes and Rhythms of the Romany"—Spanish, Hungarian, Russian and Bohemian folk songs—the second third, to "Love Epitome—Declarative, Narrative and Spiritual Love Songs," closing with "Modern Russian Songs" of lyric, dramatic and realistic character, and two lovely settings by the same Russian composer, Ivanoff, of two Psalms, sixty-one and ninety-one.

ALTHOUGH Reinald Werrenrath, the American baritone, who will be heard for the first time in this city at Trinity Auditorium January 31st, and matinee of February 9th, made his formal debut in the concert world only ten years ago, he is today one of the five most widely known and most satisfying singers before the public. Patrons holding tickets for the De Gogorza concerts may exchange same for these concerts. A graduate of New York University, Werrenrath's first popular success came when soloist at the Worcester festival; such a genuine favorite did he become that he has

(Continued on page 26)



ESTELLE HEARTT DREYFUS
In Recital at Trinity Auditorium, January 25.

MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

KERN county, in line with other progressive counties, has adopted the plan of furnishing automobiles for the transportation of school pupils from outlying points to school centers. Recently the board of education purchased three Studebaker cars, and had sixteen passenger bodies placed upon the chassis. These Studebakers are not only employed in carrying pupils to and from school but on occasions of festivities in which the school body is interested they "tote" the boys and girls as well as their instructors over the highways and byways. In the illustration on this page it is to be noted that the cars are equipped with inflated tires instead of the solid treads which custom has generally provided for vehicles of this character. The inflated tires, it is claimed, make for greater comfort, more readily absorbed shock, and consequently materially add to the life of the vehicle.

The use of motor driven vehicles in the transporting of pupils is being adopted more and more throughout the country, and such adoption is not confined to sections where the homes are scattered and far from the civic centers. School boards are arriving at the conclusion that it is a duty to see that pupils are carried to and from places of instruction without burdening some heads of families with car fares, while at the same time the pupils' segregation in vehicles provided solely for their own use makes for speed in transportation, and creates a school esprit de corps that is to be desired. Children are picked up at their homes and deposited there after the school hours, which is a feature that should appeal strongly to parents, and to their instructors who have their moral and mental welfare at heart.

What is more joyous than a crowd of school boys and girls in one of these municipal vehicles on their way to or returning from some football, baseball game or track sports in which the schools they attend is interested? Usually accompanied by some member of the teaching force, parents feel that their sons and daughters are in the best of hands, that there will be a sensible limit to their enjoyment and that the moral atmosphere surrounding them will be all that they desire.

J. V. THOMAS, salesmanager for the Stearns Company, manufacturer of the exclusive Stearns-Knight automobile, has been a visitor in Los Angeles. Like others, whose business brings them to Southern California, he made his stay as extended as possible. Mr. Thomas is a Southland booster, and according to his lights, tourist travel to the Coast will not be impeded to any great extent by the exigencies of the war. People in the East and the Middle West he avers, are making money by bundles and if they want to come to Southern California to spend some of it, Mr. McAdoo, he understands, will not prevent them. All of which makes very welcome news, Mr. Thomas.

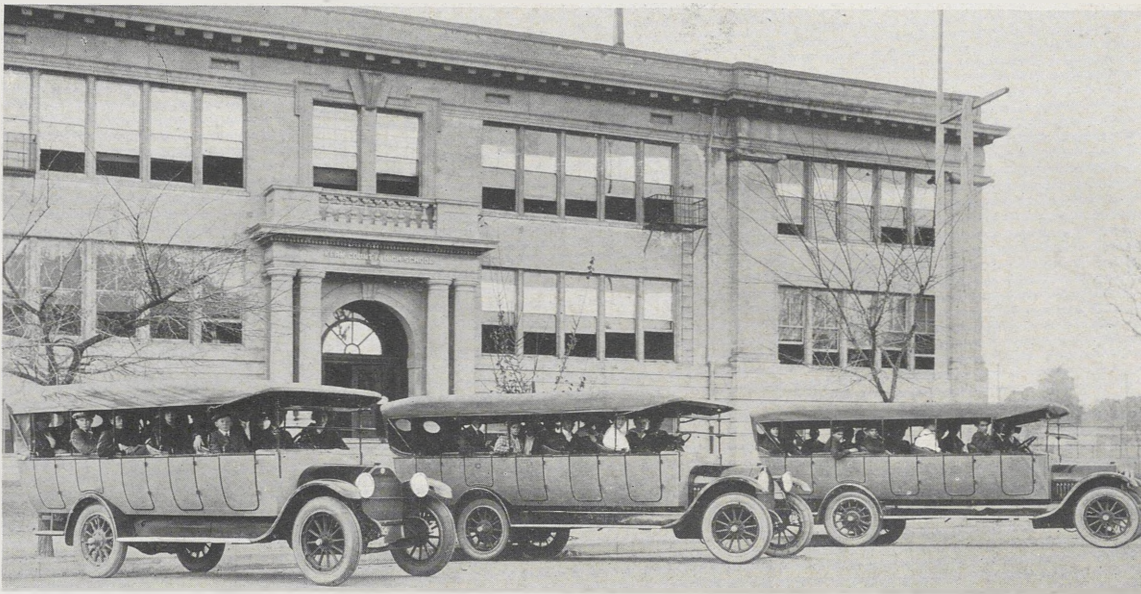
F. W. PABST, the well known publicity and advertising man, with offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles, is handling, so we understand, the publicity for the San Francisco automobile show, which takes place early next month. Spurred on by the record established by the show held in this city, San Francisco, it is said, intends to put over something in the same line which is to be somewhat larger and luminous. We must admit that the San Francisco dealer's organization is thoroughly alive and knows how to do things. A considerable number, it is understood, will go from Los Angeles to the Bay City for the event, making the round trip by automobile.

DON PEAKE, who last spring, married at the Mission Inn at Riverside, Cleo Madison, the film star, and who with his bride passed a short honeymoon period at Bear Valley, has left for the East on an extended business trip and while away will be with his wife, now in New York City. Mr. Peake is well known in automobile circles here, as elsewhere, as the

factory representative on the Pacific Coast for the Briscoe Motor Car Company. He expects to return to Los Angeles sometime in March or April.

AL G. Faulkner, who until recently distributed the well known and attractive Marmon 34 in Southern California with headquarters at Seventeenth and Figueroa, has been made the distributor of the car for the entire state. Mr. Faulkner only recently returned from San Francisco where he attended to details relative to taking over the business in the larger territory.

HAVE you who own or ride in motor cars given any thought to what a great extent the automobile has helped conserve the nation's supply of fuel in this its first fuel famine? There are more than four millions of automobiles in the United States to say nothing of about one-half million of trucks. Each one of these, it is safe to presume, will average about 3000 or 4000 miles a year—and probably considerably more. When you sit yourself down with pad and pencil and try to estimate how many passengers and how many tons of freight all these cars and trucks handle you will gain some idea of what the motor car and truck industry is doing toward conserving the nation's supply of coal. And still there are some who tell us the automobile is a pleasure car. Motor cars of all kinds and descriptions saved France from Germany at the Marne and now the word has been given out that it was the motor car and the truck that aided materially in saving Italy from the fate that befell Serbia and Roumania. Pleasure cars, indeed!



Studebaker sixteen passenger cars used by Kern County in transporting high school pupils.

claimed, cost three hundred million dollars more, while the little item covering tires alone, and which is not included in the material bill, ran in 1917 to about five hundred million dollars. By and large, the "automobile game," as it was at one time classified, has grown to be one of the greatest industries in the world. Although you may not know it, women for years have been employed in top and upholstery departments of automobile factories, and it is said of them that they are more careful in their work than men. Give this the "once over" when you recline on the cushions of your car.

AROUND the door openings of the new Cadillac cars is a roll of live rubber covered with upholstery which fits snugly against the door when it is closed and the purpose of which is to eliminate favorite entrances for drafts.

THERE has been little change in the 1918 Marmons over preceding models. The manufacturers of the car claim it is so nearly perfect there is little chance for improvement.

EASTERN visitors making their first visit to Southern California are genuinely amazed at the extent and beauty of the motor roads in Los Angeles county. Said one prominent man from Philadelphia, "I had heard so much of the wonders of Southern California motor highways that I had become skeptical. But I must confess that I am a convert, and on my return to the city of Brotherly Love I intend to scatter the glad tidings broadcast. It is simply marvellous what has been done here, not only are the roads magnificent but the scenery is the most varied and beautiful imaginable, as for the climate, but excuse my blushes."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE FLAME flickered, blazed, sputtered, and died away in three acts at the Mason theatre on Monday night. It was a strange mixture. The opening scene of the old courtyard, overlooking the Spanish Main, was nobly beautiful, with the blue sea in the distance, the Mission buildings and winding terraces, and the Padre descending the steps to the sound of tolling bells. But as a drama, "The Flame" was purely paradoxical. It was peppered with tableaux, long-drawn-out speeches, and reminiscences of other plays. The title might better have been "Annex Mexico." The play at one time could have appealed to popular interest at the time the United States troops were in Mexico, but it fell tamely at the present time. The satire on "peace at any price" lost its edge under existing conditions, and the entire argument of the production had a day-before-yesterday tang to it. The company was an excellent one. Pamela Cabot, (played by Martha McGraw), and Wayne Putnam, (by Godfrey Matthews), made an acceptable pair of lovers, and Dave Carson, given by James Seeley was well portrayed. But imagine a Texan, with his family, in a country full of "greasers," and without at least two Colt's 45's and a Winchester repeater? Dave is always without his "gun." Maybe it was better, after all.

"It's lucky that he didn't have it with him

Now what do you suppose he would have done?

He might have committed murder, See, but let it go no furdur

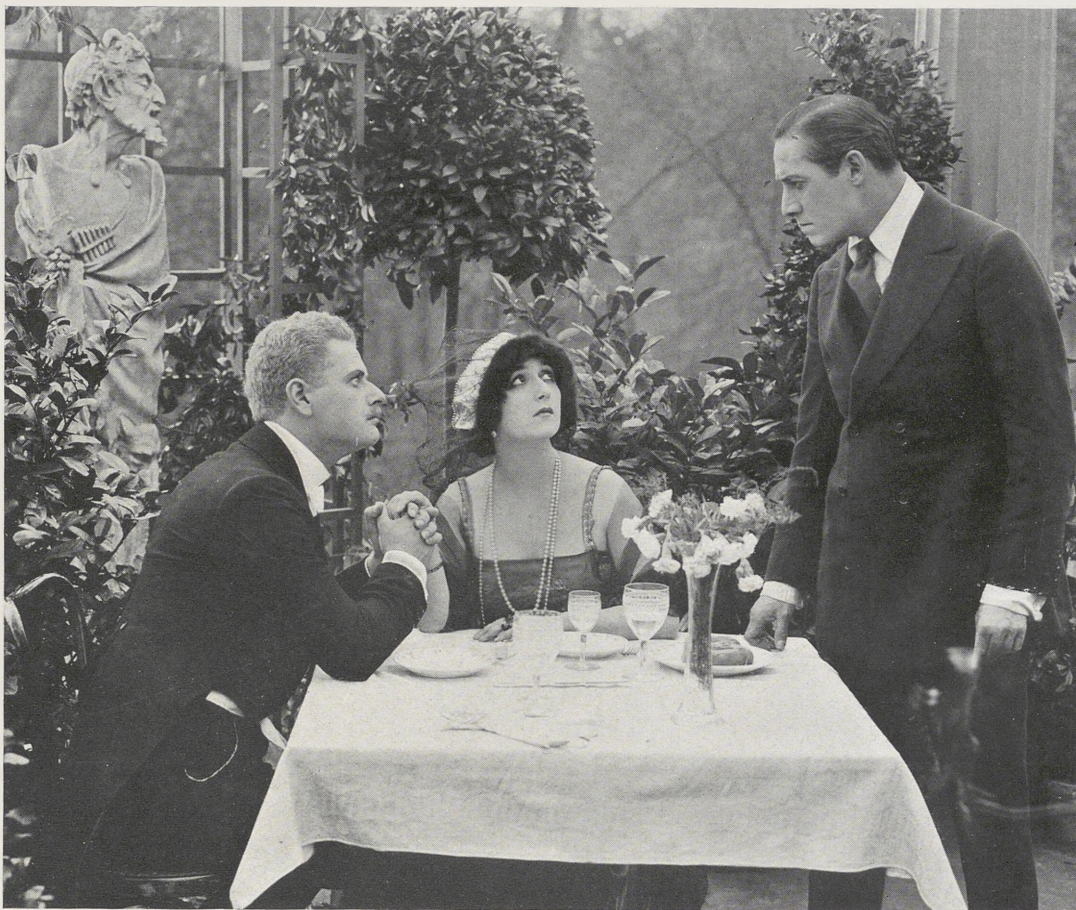
It's a lucky thing he didn't have his gun."

The "music" accompanying the play was said to have been adopted from ethnological sources in Africa, the Antilles, and Hawaii. It may have been. I cannot say what the truth may be. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. It was furnished by a comb orchestra with flute obligato, and sounded very like New Year's Day in the Chinese quarters. The scene of the house on the mountain was another splendid pictorial effect, one of the finest imaginable, with the dawning lights breaking gradually in as morning advances. The storm in the jungle was exactly like going under Niagara Falls, minus the oiled "duds" necessary in that "stunt." The drama ends with the hero escaped from his mother-in-law, and safe at the bottom of the well, inhabited by Maya (played with tact and spirit by June Hawthorne). Pictorially great, dramatically impossible, and musically nerve-racking "The Flame" is worth seeing if only for the really superb manner in which it has been staged in the two scenes noted.

ORPHEUM audiences were treated to a "thrill" act in the line of slack wire balancing by Pat and Julia Levolos in the week ending January 14th, an act which would have pleased Sam Patch, the king of the tight-rope walkers. Jack Wyatt and his Scotch lads and lassies danced cleverly and sang well, Edwin George gave his unique juggling and patter act, which was checkered with good and bad juggling, but kept lively by a running fire of clever monologue. Billie Montgomery and George Perry furnished one continuous round of gayety for the crowds, Montgomery having a repertoire of ultra-ridiculous pecan "stunts" that brought down the house. Ralph Dunbar's Tennessee Ten introduced some of the old-time minstrel stuff of "nigh on" forty years ago, and the ancient darky singing "Nellie Gray" almost reminded one of Milt. G. Barlow singing "Old Black Joe," or "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," back in 1873. The dancing was fair, and the "Jazz" Band a dazzling burlesque. Next week's bill gives Fanchon and Marco, dancers, with Jazz Band, Charles Withers in "For Pity's Sake," Noel Travers and Renie Douglas in "Meadowbrook Lane," Henry Sylvester and Maida Vance in a satirical song-comedy entitled, "Get Out of the Theatre," Herbert Clifton in travesties of the leggie sex, Tyler

and St. Clair, Xylophone artists, and Jim and Betty Morgan in songs of their own. Jack Wyatt and his "Hot Scotch" Troupe, and Billie Montgomery and George Perry, the twin almonds, hold over from the previous bill. The "hold-overs" alone are worth the price.

THE Community Players of Pasadena presented Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night, or what you will" at the Savoy Theatre in Pasadena during the week ending January 12th. Taken as a whole the play was excellently given. The character of Sir Toby Belch, by Mr. Orrin Knox, and the role of Malvolio by Mr. Gilmor Brown were both portrayed with superb effect. Sebastian, by Mr. Edgar Regan was a third character played in a manly and finished impersonation. Sir Andrew Aguecheek was acceptably given by Andrew Campbell, and Orsini, Duke of Illyria spoke his lines clearly and well, and gave dignity to the part. Olivia, played by Cloyde Duval Dalzell, disclosed the possession of a rich and melodious voice, but the part was marred by a somewhat indistinct pronunciation, and a rather unyielding carriage. Miss Dalzell was charming in her role, however, and the faults are ones which can be remedied. Viola, the role portrayed by Virginia Lykins, was specially effective in the page's part, and her lines were delivered excellently well. Maria, by Mrs. J. W. Morin was capitally done. The stage and scenic effects were inadequate, but the golden magic of Shakespeare's lines made music through it all.



Italian garden scene from The Eternal Temptress featuring Lina Cavalieri, at the Kinema Theatre, January 20

LOVE and intrigue by a woman's wiles are the elements permeating "The Eternal Temptress," Lina Cavalieri's premier photodramatic vehicle, commencing tomorrow at the Kinema Theater. As a Venetian princess, Miss Cavalieri toys with the diplomatic corps of three nations as a cat with so many mice. However, this woman uses her superlative beauty to further her country, Italy's cause, and it is said her vivid characterization and personality seem to make her become a living breathing character. It is further announced that the ending of this photoplay is marked by one of the most spell-binding scenes ever depicted, as the princess makes the supremest sacrifice a human being could

make for another—and her country. At a private showing of "The Eternal Temptress" a few weeks ago, Adolph Zukor remarked: "It is seldom that a face so beautiful as that of Cavalieri is found, and still more seldom that it can be caught in all its loveliness by the camera, which oftentimes does not do justice to the person filmed. Miss Cavalieri's rare type of dark, exotic beauty certainly photographs brilliantly, and the strength of emotions noted in her every facial expression adapts her particularly to such a photodrama as this, dealing as it does with the vast, world struggle. A comedy and Burton Holmes Travelogue are added features of this Kinema program.

NORMA GOULD, interpretive dancer and Bertha Fiske, "program player," are to give an evening of musical, dramatic and pictorial motifs at "The Tower," January 28th. The Tower is the new art studio recently opened here by Ruth Deardoff-Shaw in the dome of the Trinity Building. It is a large circular room decorated in effective modern style by Edouard Vysekai, the Bohemian painter, and opens into a roof-garden with a view of Los Angeles from the Sierras to the sea.

COMMENCING on January 21st, and continuing on January 22nd, 24th and 25th, the Community Players of Hollywood will present four one-act plays, all by Mr. William C. de Mille, at the Hollywood Community theatre, No. 1742 Ivar Avenue. The plays are entitled, "The Martyr," "The

Land of the Free," "The Man Higher Up" and "In 1999."

"BLUE JEANS," with charming Viola Dana, is to open a limited engagement of one week at Miller's Theatre Sunday. Here we have one of the best-known dramas of the century pictured as a seven-reel de luxe feature, with Miss Dana in the role of little June. As the little orphan girl who steals from the wheelman, then as the sacrificing little wife, and finally in her well-defined portrayal as the little mother she offers a characterization natural and artistic in the extreme. Many thrilling scenes, deep heart interest and many touches of rich humor add to the beauty and entertainment qualities of this picture and Miss Dana's supporting cast includes many screen favorites.

LITTLE ORPHEUM ANTE

(With apologies to J. W. R.)

The Orpheum folks are coming
To our town to stay;
To stop awhile, and make us smile
And drive dull gloom away;
They'll please you and they'll tease you
And put your cares to rout,
And the Laughing-Bug will get you
If
you
don't
watch
out.

They've dancers, and they've singers
And clever actors, too;
They'll amaze you, and they'll daze you
With the clever things they do;
And the fun they make is catching
Beyond the slightest doubt,
And the Laughing-Bug will get you
If
you
don't
watch
out.

The girls you'll surely notice
For you couldn't pass them by;
They are witty, and they're pretty
And bound to meet your eye;
And the men will all amuse you
You'll applaud, and you will shout,
And the Laughing-Bug will get you
If
you
don't
watch
out.

LOS ANGELES MUSICIANS

IN AN ARTICLE published in the Times of January 14, the following statement is made: "In Los Angeles at present none of our musical organizations, of a professional character, is controlled (musically) by Americans. For instance, the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, the Woman's Symphony Orchestra; and in the local theaters, the Morosco, Auditorium, Pantages, Grauman's new Broadway Theater, the Lincoln Park Sunday band are all musically controlled by Europeans." Let us examine the above for accuracy. The director of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra is Adolf Tandler; he has been an American citizen for several years. Woman's symphony orchestra—director is Henry Schoenefeld, who has been an American citizen over sixty years, ever since he was born, in fact. Director of the Morosco theater, Mr. Laraia, was born in America. Director Clune's auditorium—Nicola Donatelli, has been an American citizen for six or eight years. Pantages theater—Mr. Wagner, I am informed, was born in America. Grauman's new theater—Rudolph Kopp took out first papers only. Lincoln Park Band, Frank Gregory, naturalized for several years. Mason theater—Bernard Meine, born in America. Arnold Krauss, American citizen for many years, native of Roumania. Harley Hamilton, former symphony director, born in America. A. F. Frankenstein, of the Orpheum theater, city official of Los Angeles, born in Chicago. It would seem that our musical directors in Los Angeles are pretty good Americans, a majority of them having been even patriotic enough to be born in America. The writer of the article, "Favor American Musicians" might well consult the facts before "taking his pen in hand."

It is a comparatively easy matter to make a statement of this kind, or of any kind, and a great many people are certain to read the original statement and never see a correction of the same, even where such a correction is noted, and the amende honorable duly made. Carelessness in personal criticism is not an adjunct of the best methods of journalism. It is regrettable that an announcement of this sort should have been made.

MISSION PLAY— 6th YEAR—Opened in its own playhouse, San Gabriel. Mat. Mon. Aft., Jan 14 inees every day, including Sunday, 2:15. Take car P. E. Station, 6th and Main Sts., 1:04, 1:24. Ticket Office main floor Pacific Electric Bldg.. Prices 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Phones: Pico 1957, A3935

MILLER'S THEATER Week beginning Sunday Prices 15c-20c-30c
The world's greatest melodrama
SPRING and MAIN at 9th "BLUE JEANS" starring VIOLA DANA
Added features: Best music in town and latest Hearst Pathe News

TRINITY AUDITORIUM Grand Ave. at 9th
L. E. Behymer presents Phone: Main 6532
F 1032
TUESDAY EVE, JAN. 22 **LEOPOLD GODOWSKY** ONE CONCERT ONLY
FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25

ESTELLE HEARTT DREYFUS

Contralto in Purpose Program. Blanche Ebert Seaver, at the Piano

THURSDAY JAN. 31 **REINALD WERRENATH** SAT. MATINEE FEB. 8
American Baritone. Patrons holding de Gogorza tickets may exchange same for these recitals at Trinity Box Office. Tickets 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2. Reservations now.

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CHARLES WITHERS, "For Pity's Sake."
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TRAVERS & DOUGLAS, "Meadowbrook Lane."
SYLVESTER & VANCE, "Get Out of the Theatre."
TYLER & ST. CLAIR, Xylophonists.
JACK WYATT & SCOTCH, in Kilts and Tartans.
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Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

Adolf Tandler . . . Director

Friday Afternoon, February 1st at 3:15 P.M.

DESIDER JOSEF VECSEI Pianoist

Cesar Franck Symphony D Minor
Liszt E Flat Concerto

Tickets on sale at Clune's Box Office, Monday, January 28, 1918.
Secure tickets in advance. Prices 50c to \$2.00.

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One Week Commencing Sunday,
January 20th

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"THE ETERNAL TEMPTRESS"

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Grand at 7th. Shows 12-2-4-6-8-9:20
Mats., 15c, 20c; Loges, Evenings, 15c, 20c,
30; Except Sats., 30c; 50c.
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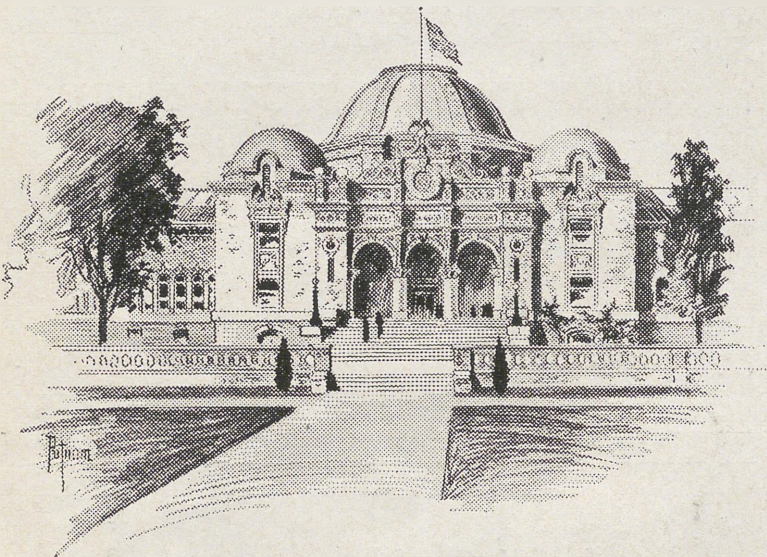
Los Angeles Railway

NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

(Continued from Page 22)

been engaged for appearances there every year since. His success in recital was immediate, his splendid voice and fine musicianship lending themselves admirably to this intimate form of singing. In the equally difficult, exacting field of oratorio singing he has distinguished himself, in 1913 creating the leading baritone role in Pierne's "St. Francis" at its American premier, and singing the brilliant baritone role in Mahler's "Eighth Symphony" performances over fifteen times, ten in Philadelphia and five in New York City. During 1915-16 he toured in joint recital with Geraldine Farrar, the following year having to his credit over ninety recital dates of his own in addition to a number of oratorio performances and appearing as soloist with the leading symphony orchestras.

IN SPITE of the fact that the career of Leopold Godowsky holds nothing of the spectacular, but has just been a consistent effort to give of his best at



In the sketch above is shown the Museum of Art and Natural History, one of a group of beautiful buildings at Exposition Park, devoted to educational work along lines artistic and scientific.

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Leopold Godowsky

all times, he is today one of the most welcome of artists. His recital at Trinity Auditorium Thursday evening, January 22 is looked forward to with keen anticipation by music lovers and trained musicians alike. Naturally a most retiring, diffident nature, it has not been the easiest thing imaginable to catch, much less hold, the very active, restless attention of this widespread nation, with its diversified tastes. That he has accomplished this is best evinced by the goodly sized audiences that always welcome his recital programs.

NEW MODES DESCRIBED

(Continued from Page 15)

dash, still further expressed by the shoulder panel which brings out the blue, as does the girdle, formed from navy satin de soie. The shoulder panel extends well upon the skirt where it is weighted by a flat, heavy tassel of navy saddler's silk. The neck of the frock is rounded and reaches a conclusion in a square, pointed collar of white mechin lace, edged with the chiffon foulard. The bouffance of the tunic is achieved by means of the extra length with which the skirt is endowed. The whole is builded upon satin Georgette in a smoky tint of gray. Filled with the elusive charm of the coming Springtime is this fascinating frock.

EDDIE SCHMIDT



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Capital, \$1,500,000.00
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S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

Deposits, \$33,131,913.92

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